

New York

Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

FOR WINTER NIGHTS
AND
SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
(One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00.)

No. 291.

WAITING FOR THE MORROW.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Till is o'er; in my chamber
All alone I sit;
Sometimes I wait the window
I can see a shadow flit.
I think of thee, my darling,
And the leagues that twist us lie,
How dreary is the distance,
And how vain I strain mine eye.
I'm waiting for the morrow.

The night comes slow, my darling,
Yet slower comes the morrow;
And longingly I'm waiting
To see the golden arrow
Of light dart through my window.
The sun's first and brightest ray,
The swiftest of all heralds—
Announcing the new-born day,
While waiting for the morrow.

I'm waiting for the morrow,
For a joy I then expect;
It is the longed-for missive
With thy loving words bedecked.
Sweet words of tender meaning,
Which alone I can discern;
I long to send the answer
Of affection in return,
While waiting for the morrow.

I'm waiting for the dawning
When the light steals faint and clear
Over the marble casement
At which I am sitting here.
What if the bright to-morrow
Come with empty hands to me,
Should I this sweet hope banish,
Or cherish a doubt of thee?
My hope would be to-morrow!

Erminie:

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-
FUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER AND SON.

"Oh, my son, Absalom! my son, my son, Absalom! Would to God, I might die for thee! Oh! Absalom! my son, my son!"

That same night; that night of storm and tempest without; and still fiercer storm and tempest within; that same night—three hours later; in a narrow, dark, noisome cell, with grated window and iron-barred door, with a rude pallet of straw comprising the furniture, and one flickering, uncertain lamp lighting its tomb-like darkness, sat two young men.

One of these was a youth of three-and-twenty; tall and slender in form, with a dark, clear complexion; a strikingly handsome face; a fierce, flashing eye of fire; thick, clustering curls of jet; a daring, reckless air, and an expression of mingled scorn, hatred, defiance and fierceness in his face. There were fetters on his slender wrists and ankles, and he wore the degrading dress of a condemned felon.

By his side sat Lord Ernest Villiers—his handsome face looking deeply sad and grave. "And this is all, Germaine?" he said, sorrowfully. "Can I do nothing at all for you?" "Nothing. What do you think I want? Is not the government, in its fatherly care, going to clothe, feed, and provide for me during the remainder of my mortal life? Why, man, do you think me unreasonable?"

He laughed a bitter, mocking laugh, terrible to hear. "Germaine, Heaven knows, if I could do anything for you, I would," said Lord Villiers, excitedly. "My father, like all the rest of the world, believes you guilty, and I can do nothing. But if it will be any consolation, remember that you leave one in England who still believes you innocent."

"Thank you, Villiers. There is another, too, who, I think, will hardly believe I have taken to petty pilfering, your father and the rest of the magnates of the land to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"Who is that, Germaine?"

"My mother."

"Where is she? Can I bring her to you?" said Lord Villiers, starting up.

"You are very kind; but it is not in your power to do so," said the prisoner, quietly.

"My mother is probably in Yetholm with her tribe. You don't need to be told now I am a gipsy; my interesting family history was pretty generally made known at my trial."

Again he laughed that short, sarcastic laugh so sad to hear.

"My dear fellow, I think none the worse of you for that. Gipsy or Saxon, I cannot forget you once saved my life, and that you have for years been my best friend."

"Well, it is pleasant to know that there is one in the world who cares for me; and if I do die like a dog among my fellow-convicts, my last hour will be cheered by the thought," said the young man, drawing a deep breath.

"If ever you see my mother, which is not likely, tell her I was grateful for all she did for me; you need not tell her I was innocent, for she will know that. (There is another, too.)"

He paused, and his dark face flushed, and then grew paler than before.

"My dear Germaine, if there is any message I can carry for you, you have only to command me," said the young lord, warmly.

"No; it is as well she should not know it—better, perhaps," muttered the prisoner, half to himself.

"I thank you for your friendly kindness, Villiers; but it will not be necessary."

"And your mother, Germaine, how am I to know her?"

"Oh, I forgot! Well, she's called the gipsy



"Remember, when far away, you leave one behind who will wreak vengeance for all we have both suffered."

Ketura, and is queen of her tribe. It is something to be a queen's son—is it not?" he said, with another hard, short laugh.

"Ketura, did you say?" repeated Lord Villiers, in surprise.

"Yes. What has surprised you now?"

"Why, the simple fact that I saw her three hours ago."

"Saw her! Where?"

"At my father's house. She came to see him."

Germaine sprung up, and while his eyes fiercely flashed, he exclaimed:

"Come to see Lord De Courcy? My mother came to see him? Villiers, you do not mean to say that my mother came to beg for my life?"

"My dear fellow, I really do not know. The interview was a private one. All I do know is, that half an hour after my father returned among his guests, looking very much as if he had just seen a ghost. In fact, I never saw him with so startled a look in all my life before. Whether your mother had anything to do with it or not, I really cannot say."

"If I thought she could stoop to sue for me," exclaimed the youth, through his clenched teeth; "but no, my mother was too proud to do it. My poor, poor mother! How was she looking, Villiers?"

"Very haggard, very thin, very worn and wild, very wretched, in a word—though that was to be expected."

"Poor mother!" murmured the youth, with quivering lips, as he bowed his face in his manacled hands, and his manly chest rose and fell with strong emotion.

"My dear fellow," said Lord Villiers, with tears in his own eyes, "your mother shall never want while I live."

The prisoner wrung his hand in silence.

"If you like, I will try to discover her, and send her to you before you—"

His voice choked, and he stopped.

"My dear Villiers, you have indeed proven yourself my friend," said the convict, gratefully.

"If you could see her, and send her to me before I leave England to-morrow, you would be conferring the greatest possible favor on me. There are several things of which I wish to speak to her, and which I cannot reveal to any one else—not even to you."

"Then I will instantly go in search of her," said Lord Villiers, rising and taking his hat.

"My dear Germaine, good-by."

"Farewell, Ernest. God bless you!"

The hand of the peer and the gipsy met in a strong clasp, but neither could speak.

And so they parted. The prison door closed between the convicted felon and his high-born friend. Did either dream how strangely they were destined to meet again? With his face shaded by his hand, the prisoner sat; that small white hand, delicate as a lady's, doomed now to the unceasing labor of the convict, when a noise as of persons in altercation in the passage without met his ears. He raised his head to listen, and recognized the gruff, hoarse voice of his jailer; then the sharp, passionate voice of a woman; and, lastly, the calm, clear tones of Lord Ernest Villiers. His words seemed to decide the matter; for the huge key turned in the rusty lock, the heavy door swung back on its hinges, and the tall form of gipsy Ketura passed into the cell.

"Mother!"

The prisoner started to his feet, and with a passionate cry: "Oh, my son! my son!" he was clasped in the arms of his mother—clasped and held there in a fierce embrace, as though she defied Heaven itself to tear them apart.

"Thank Heaven, mother, that I see you again!"

"Heaven!" she broke out, with passionate fierceness; "never mention it again! What is heaven, and God, and mercy, and happiness? All a mockery, and worse than a mockery!"

"My poor mother!"

"What have I done, that I should lose you?" she cried, with a still-increasing fierceness. "What crime have I committed, that I should be doomed to a hell upon earth! He was conceived in sin and born in iniquity, even as I was; yet the God you call upon permits him to live happy, rich, honored, and prosperous, while I—Oh! it maddens me to think of it! But I will have revenge!"—she added, while her fierce eyes blazed, and her long, bony hand clenched—"yes, fearful revenge! If I am doomed to perdition, I shall drag him down along with me!"

"Mother! mother! Do not talk so! Be calm!"

"Calm! With these flames, like eternal fires, raging in my heart and brain! Oh, for the hour when his life-blood shall cool their blazing!"

"Mother, you are going mad!" said the young man, almost sternly. "Unless you are calm, we must part."

"Oh, yes! We will part to-morrow. You will go over the boundless sea with all the thieves and murderers, and scum of London, and I—I will live for revenge. By-and-by you will kill yourself, and I will be hung for his murder."

She laughed a dreary, cheerless laugh, while her eyes grew unnaturally bright with the fires of incipient insanity.

"Poor mother!" said the youth, sadly. "This is the hardest blow of all! Try and bear up, for my sake, mother. Did you see Lord De Courcy to-night?"

"I did. May Heaven's heaviest curses light on him!" exclaimed the woman, passionately.

"Oh! to think that he, that any man, should hold my son's life in the hollow of his hand, while I am here, obliged to look on, powerless to avert the blow! May God's worst vengeance light on him, here and hereafter!"

Her face was black with the terrific storm of inward passion; her eyes glaring, blazing, like those of a wild beast; her long, talon-like fingers clenched until the nails sunk deep in the quivering flesh.

"Mother, did you stoop to sue for pardon for me to-night?" said the young man, while his brow contracted with a dark frown.

"Oh, I did! I did! I groveled at his feet, I cried, I shrieked, I adjured him to pardon you—I, who never knelt to God or man before—and he refused! I kissed the dust at his feet, and he replied by a cold refusal. But woe to thee, Earl De Courcy!" she cried, bounding to her feet, and dashing back her wild black hair. "Woe to thee, and all thy house! for it were safer to tamper with the lightning's chain than with the aroused tigress Ketura."

"Mother, nothing is gained by working yourself up to such a pitch of passion; you only beat the air with your breath. I am calm."

"Yes, calm as a volcano on the verge of eruption," she said, looking in his gleaming eyes and icy smile.

"And I am submissive, forbearing, and forgiving."

"Yes, submissive as a crouching lion—forgiving as a tiger robbed of its young—bearing as a serpent preparing to spring."

He had awed her—even her, that raving maniac—into calm, by the cold, steady glitter of his dark eyes; by the quiet, chilling smile on his lip. In that fixed, iron, relentless look, she read a strong, determined purpose, relentless as death, or doom, or the grave; terrific in its very quiet, implacable in its very depth of calm, overtopping and surmounting her own.

"We understand each other, I think," he said, quietly. "You perceive, mother, how utterly idle these mad threats and curses of yours are. They will effect nothing but to have you imprisoned as a dangerous lunatic; and it is necessary you should be free to fulfill my last bequest."

Another mood had come over the dark, fierce woman while he spoke. The demoniac look of passion that had hitherto convulsed her face, gave way to one of despairing sorrow, and stretching out her arms, she passionately cried:

"Oh, my son! my only one! the darling of my old age! my sole earthly pride and hope! Oh, Reginald! would to God we had both died ere we had lived to see this day!"

It was the very agony of grief—the last, passionate, despairing cry of a mother's utmost woe, wrung fiercely from her tortured heart.

"My poor mother—my dear mother!" said the youth, with tears in his dark eyes, "do not give way to this wild grief. Who knows what the future may bring forth?"

She made no reply; but sat with both arms clasped round her knees—her dry, burning, tearless eyes glaring before her on vacancy.

"Do not despair, mother; we may yet meet again. Who knows?" he said, musingly, after a pause.

She turned her red, inflamed eyeballs on him in voiceless inquiry.

"There are such things as breaking chains and escaping, mother."

"Still that lurid, straining gaze, but no reply."

"And I, if it be in the power of man, I shall escape—I shall return, and then—"

He paused, but his eyes finished the sentence. Lucifer, taking his last look of heaven, might have worn just such a look—so full of relentless hate, burning revenge, and undying defiance.

"You may come, but I will never live to see you," said the gipsy, in a voice so deep, hollow and unnatural, that it seemed issuing from a tomb.

"You will—you must, mother. I have a sacred trust to leave you, for which you must live," he said, impetuously.

"A trust, my son?"

"Yes. One that will demand all your care for many years. You shall hear my story, mother. I would not trust any living being but you; but I can confide fearlessly in you."

"You have only to name your wishes, Reginald. Though I should have to wade through blood to fulfill them, fear not."

"Nothing so desperate will be required, mother. The less blood you have on your hands the better. My advice to you is, when I am gone, to return to Yetholm, and wait with patience for my return—for return I will, in spite of everything."

Her bloodshot eyes kindled fiercely with invincible determination as he spoke, but she said nothing.

"My story is a somewhat long one," he said, after a pause, during which a sad shadow had fallen on his handsome face; "but I suppose it is necessary I should tell you all. I thought never to reveal it to any human being; but I did not dream then of ever being a convicted felon, as I am now."

He had been sitting hitherto with his head resting on his hand; now he arose and began pacing to and fro his narrow cell, while the dark, stern woman, crouching in a distant corner like a dusky shadow, watched him with her eyes of fire, and prepared to listen.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHILD-WIFE.

"Oh, had we never, never met.
Or could this heart's on now forget.
How linked, how blessed we might have been,
Had fate not frowned so dark between!"
—MOORE.

"Eight years ago, mother," began the prisoner, "I first entered Eton. Through your kindness, I was provided with money enough to enable me to mix on terms of equality in all things with the highest of its high-born students. No one dreamed I was a gipsy; they would as soon have thought of considering themselves one as me. I adopted the name of Reginald Germaine, and represented myself as the son of an exiled French count, and being by Nature gifted with a tolerable share of good looks, and any amount of cool assurance, I soon worked my way up above most of my titled compeers, and became ringleader and prime favorite with students and professors. They talk of good blood showing itself equally in men as in horses, mother. I don't know how true that may be, but certain it is the gipsy's son equaled all, and was surpassed by none in college. In fencing, shooting, riding, boxing, rowing, I was as much at home as reading Virgil or translating Greek. If it is any consolation to you, mother, to know what an exceedingly talented son you have," he said, with a bitter smile, "all this will be very consoling to you—more especially as Latin, and Greek, and all the rest of my manifold accomplishments will be extremely necessary to me among my fellow-convicts in Van Dieman's Land. It is very probable I will establish an infant school for young thieves and pickpockets when the day's labor is over. I wonder if our kind, fatherly, far-seeing British government dreams what an incalculable treasure they possess in the person of Germaine, the convicted burglar!"

His bitter, jeering tone was terrible to hear; but the dark, burning glare of his fierce eyes was more terrible still. Oh, it was a dreadful fate to look forward to—a chained, manacled convict for life—and so unjustly condemned! With his fierce, gipsy blood, it is any wonder that every noble and generous feeling in his breast should turn to gall!

The dusky form crouching in the corner moved not, spoke not; but the inflamed eyes glared in the darkness like two red-hot coals.

"Well, mother, I was boasting of my cleverness when I interrupted myself—was I not?" he said, after a pause, during which he had been pacing, like a caged lion, up and down. "It is an exciting subject, you perceive; and if I get a little incoherent at times, you must only pass it over, and wait until I come to the point. That brief *expose* of my standing in the school was necessary, after all, as it will help to show the sort of estimation I was held in. When the vacations came, numberless were the invitations I received to accompany my fellow-students home. Having no home of my own to go to, I need hardly say those invitations were invariably accepted. How the good people who so lavishly bestowed their hospitality upon me feel now, is a question not very hard to answer. I fancy I can see the looks of horror, amazement and outraged dignity that will fill some of those aristocratic mansions, when they learn that the dashing son and heir of the exiled Count Germaine, on whom they have condescended to smile so benignly, is no other than the convicted gipsy thief. It will be a regular farce to witness, mother."

He laughed, but the grim, shadowy face in the corner was as immovable as a figure in stone.

"Among the friends I made at Eton," he went on, "there was one—a fine, princely-hearted fellow about my own age—called Lord Everly. He was my 'fag' for a time, and, owing to a similarity of tastes and dispositions, we were soon inseparable friends. Wherever one was, there the other was sure to be, until we were nicknamed 'Damon and Pythias' by the rest. Of course, the first vacation after his coming, I received a pressing invitation to accompany him home; and, without requiring much coaxing, I went."

The young man paused, and a dark, earnest shadow passed over his fine face. When he again resumed, his voice was low and less bitter.

"I met my fate there, mother—the star of my destiny, that rose, for a few brief, fleeting moments, and then set forever for me. I was a hot-blooded, hot-headed, hotter-hearted boy of nineteen then, who followed the impulse of his own headstrong passions wherever they chose to lead, without ever stopping to think. At Everly Hall I met the cousin of my friend—one of the most perfectly beautiful creatures it has ever been my lot to see. Only fourteen years of age, she was so well-grown, and so superbly-proportioned, as to be, in looks, already a woman; and a woman's heart she already possessed. Her name, mother, it is not necessary to tell now. Suffice it to say, that name was one of the proudest of England's proud sons, and her family one of the highest and noblest in the land. She was at Everly Hall, spending her vacation, too, and daily we were thrown together. I had never loved before—never felt even those first moonlight-on-water affairs that most young men rave about. My nature is not one of those that love lightly; but it was as resistless, as impetuous,

as fierce and consuming as a volcano's fire, when it came. Mother, I did not love that beautiful child-woman. Love! Pshaw! that is a cold word to express what I felt—every moonstruck youth prates about his love. No; I adored, I worshipped, I idolized her; the remembrance of who I was, of who she was—all were as walls of smoke before the impetuosity of that first consuming passion. The Everlys never dreamed—never, in the remotest degree, fancied—I, the son of an exiled count, could dare to lift my eyes to one whom a prince of the blood-royal might almost have wed without stooping. They had confidence in her, the proud daughter of a proud race, to think she would spurn me from her in contempt, did I dare to breathe my wild passion. But how little, in their cool, clear-headed calculations, did they dream that social position and worldly considerations were as a colweb barrier before the impetuosity of first love!

"And so, secure in the difference between us in rank, the Everlys permitted their beautiful niece to ride, walk, dance and drive with the gay, agreeable son of the exiled Count Germaine. Oh! those long, breezy morning rides, over the sloping hills and wide lawns that environed the home of the Everlys! I can see her now, as side by side we rode homeward—I drinking in, until every sense was intoxicated, the bewildering draught of her beauty, as she sat on her coal-black pony, her dark riding habit fluttering in the morning breeze; her cheek flushed with health and happiness; her brilliant eyes, more glorious to me than all the stars in heaven; her bright, black hair flashing back the radiant sunlight! Oh! those long, moonlight strolls, arm-in-arm, through the wilderness of roses, not half so beautiful as the queen-rose beside me, that bloomed in wild luxuriance in the gardens! Oh! those enchanting evenings, when, encircled by my arm, we kept time together to the delicious music of the voluptuous waltz. Then it was, that it was, that the gipsy youth wooed and won the high-born daughter of a princely race.

"For, mother, even as I loved her she loved me. No, not as I loved her—it was not in her nature to do that, but with all the passionate ardor of a first, strong passion. I had long known I was not indifferent to her; but when, one night, as I stood bending over her as she sat at the piano, and heard her stately lady-aunt whisper to a friend that, in a few more years, her 'lovely and accomplished niece' would become the bride of Lord Ernest Villiers, only son of Earl De Courcy, all that had hitherto restrained me from telling that love was forgotten. I saw her start, and turn pale as she, too, heard and caught the quick, anxious glance she cast at me. All I felt at that moment must have been revealed in my face, for her eyes fell beneath mine, and the hot blood mounted to her very brow.

"And you are engaged to another? I said in a tone of passionate reproach. 'Oh, why did I not know this?'

"It is no engagement of my making," she said, in a low, trembling voice. 'I never saw Lord Villiers, nor he me. Our fathers wish we should marry, that is all.'

"And will you obey? I said, in a thrilling whisper.

"No," she said, impulsively, 'never.' The look that accompanied the words made me forget all I had hitherto striven to remember. In an instant I was at her feet, pouring out my wild tale of passion; in another, she was in my arms, whispering the words that made me the happiest man on earth. It was well for us both the room was nearly deserted, and the corner where we were in deepest shadow, or the ecstasies into which, like all lovers, we went, would have led to some unpleasant consequences. But our destinies had decreed we should, for the time, have things all our own way; and that night, wandering in the pale, solemn moonlight, I urged, with all the eloquence of a first, restless passion, a secret marriage. I spoke of her father's compelling us to part; of his insisting on her marriage with one whom she could not love; I drew a touching description of myself, devoted to a life of solitude and misery, and probably ending by committing suicide—which melancholy picture so worked upon her fears, that I verily believe she would have fled with me to New South Wales, had I asked it. And so I pleaded, with all the ardor of a passion that was as strong and uncontrollable as it was self-exacting, until she promised, the following night, to steal secretly out and fly with me to where I was to have a clergyman in waiting, and then and there become my wife.

Once more he paused, and his fine eyes were full of bitter self-reproach now.

"Mother, that was the turning-point in my destiny. Looking back to that time now, I can wish I had been struck dead sooner than have hurried, as I did, that impulsive, warm-hearted girl into that fatal marriage. Then, in all the burning ardor of youth, I thought of nothing but the intoxicating happiness within my grasp; and had an angel from heaven pleaded for the postponement of my designs, I would have hurled a refusal back in his face. I thought only of the present—of the joy, too intense, almost, to be borne—and I steadily shut my eyes to the future. I knew she would loathe, hate, and despise me if she ever discovered—as discover she must some day—how I had deceived her; for, with all her love for me, she inherited the pride and haughtiness of her noble house uncontaminated. Had she known who I really was, I know she would have considered me unworthy to touch even the hem of her garment.

"All that day she remained in her room; while I rode off to a neighboring town to engage a clergyman to unite us at the appointed hour. Midnight found me waiting, at the trysting-place; and true to the hour, my beautiful bride, brave in the strength of her love and woman's faith in my honor, met me there, alone; for I would have no attendants to share our confidence.

"Two horses stood waiting. I lifted her in to the saddle, sprang upon my own horse; and away we dashed, at a break-neck pace, to consummate our own future misery. There was no time for words; but I strove to whisper of the happy days in store for us, as we rode along. She did not utter a word; but her face was whiter than that of the dead when I lifted her from the saddle and drew her with me into the church.

"The great aisles were dimly lighted by one solitary lamp, and by its light we beheld the clergyman, standing, in full canonicals, to sanction our mad marriage. Robed in a dark, flowing dress, with her white face looking out from her damp, flowing, midnight hair, I can see her before me, as she stood there, shivering at intervals with a strange presaging of future evil.

"It was an ominous bridal, mother; for, as the last words died away, and we were pronounced man and wife, the harsh, dreadful croak of a raven resounded through the vast, dim church, and the ghostly bird of omen fluttered for a moment over our heads, and fell dead at our feet. Excited by the consciousness

that she was doing wrong; the solemn, unlighted old church; the dread, mystic hour—all proved too much for my little child-wife, and with a piercing shriek, she fell fainting in my arms. Mother, the unutterable reproach of that wild, agonizing cry will haunt me to my dying day."

No words can describe the bitterness of his tone, the undying self-reproach that filled his dark eyes, as he spoke.

"We bore her to the vestry; but it was long before she revived, and longer still before, with all the seductive eloquence of passionate love, I could soothe her into quiet."

"Oh, Reginald, I have done wrong!" was her sorrowful, remorseful cry to all I could say.

"We paid the clergyman, and rode home—the gipsy youth and the high born lady, united for life now by the mysterious tie of marriage. Now that the last, desperate step was taken, even I grew for a moment appalled at what I had done. But I did not repent. No; had it been again to do, I would have done it over a thousand times. I would have lost heaven sooner than her!

"Three weeks longer we continued inmates of Everly Hall; and no one ever suspected that we met other than as casual acquaintances. Looking back now on my past life, those are the only days of unalloyed sun-shine I can remember in the whole course of my life; and she—she, too, closed her eyes to the future, and was for the time being perfectly happy."

"But the time came when we were forced to part. She went back to school, while I returned to London. I met her frequently, at first; but her father, after a time, began to think, perhaps, that, for the son of an exiled count, I was making too rapid progress in his daughter's affections, and peremptorily ordered her to discontinue the acquaintance. But she loved me well enough to disobey him; and though I saw she looked forward with undisguised terror to the time when the revelation of our marriage would be made, we still continued to meet at long intervals."

"So a year passed. One day, wishing to consult her about something—I forget what—we met at an appointed trysting place. She entered the light chaise I had brought with me and we drove off. The horses were half-tame things at best, and in the outskirts of a little village, several miles from the academy, they took fright at something, and started off like the wind. I strove in vain to check them. On they flew, like lightning, until suddenly coming in contact with a garden-fence, the chaise was overthrown, and we were both flung violently out."

"I heard a faint cry from my companion, and, unheeding a broken arm, which was my share of the accident, I managed to raise her from the ground, where she lay senseless, and bear her into the cottage. Fortunately, the cottage was owned by an old widow, to whom I had once rendered some slight service which secured her everlasting gratitude; and more fortunately still, my companion had received no injury from her fall, beyond a slight wound in the head."

"Leaving her in the care of the old woman, I went to the nearest surgeon, had my wounds dressed, and my horses disposed of until such times as we could resume our journey. Then I returned to the cottage; but found, to my great alarm, that my wife, during my absence had become seriously ill, and was raving in the wild delirium of a burning fever."

"There was no doctor in the village whose skill I could trust where her life was concerned; and, half-mad with terror and alarm, I sprang on horseback, and rode off to London for medical aid. But with all my haste, nearly twelve hours elapsed before I could return accompanied by a skillful though obscure physician, chosen by me because he was obscure, and never likely to meet her again."

"As I entered, the feeble wail of an infant struck on my ear; and the first object on which my eyes rested as I went in, was the old woman sitting with a babe in her arms, while the child-mother lay still unconscious, as I had left her."

"Mother, what I felt at that moment words can never disclose. Discovery now seemed inevitable. She must acknowledge that she had deceived me; that her child bore in its veins the tainted gipsy blood. Disowned and despised by all her high-born friends, she would hate me for the irretrievable wrong I had done her; and to lose her was worse than death to me."

"The intense anguish and remorse I endured at that moment, might have atoned for a darker crime than mine. I had never felt so fully, before, the wrong I had done her; and with the knowledge of its full enormity, came the resolution of making all the atonement in my power."

"The doctor had pronounced her illness severe, but not dangerous; and said that with careful nursing she would soon be restored to health. When he was gone, I turned to the old woman, and inquired if she was willing to undertake the care of the child. The promise of being well paid made her readily answer in the affirmative; and then we concluded a bargain that she was to take care of the infant, and keep its existence a secret from every one, and, above all, from its mother. For I knew that she would never consent to give it up, and I was resolved that it should not be the means of dragging her down to poverty and disgrace. The woman was to keep it out of her sight while she remained, and tell her it had died, should she make any inquiries."

"During the next week, I scarcely ever left the cottage; and when she was sufficiently recovered to use a pen, she wrote a few lines to the principal of the academy, saying she had gone to visit a friend, and would not return for a fortnight, at least. As she had never been a petted child, accustomed to go and come unquestioned, her absence excited no surprise or suspicion; and secreted in the cottage, she remained for the next two weeks. How the old woman managed to conceal the child I know not; but certain it is, she did it."

"The time I had dreaded came at last. My better nature had awoke since the birth of my child; and I resolved to tell her all, cost what it might, and set her free. Mother, you can conceive the bitter humiliation such a confession must have been to me—yet I made it. I told her all; how basely I had deceived her; how deeply I had wronged her. In that moment, every spark of love she had ever felt for me was quenched forever in her majestic indignation, her scorn, and utter contempt. Silently she arose and confronted me, white as the dead, superb in her withering scorn, as far above me as the heavens from the earth. All the pride of her proud race swelled in her breast, in a loathing too deep and intense for words. But those steady, darkening eyes, that seemed scintillating sparks of fire, I will never forget."

"Here we must part, then, Reginald Germaine; and on this earth we must never meet again!" she said, in a voice steady from the very depth of scorn. "Of the matchless wrong

you have done me, I will not speak; it is too late for that now. If one spark of the honor you once professed still lingers in your breast, be silent as regards the past. I ask no more. You have forever blighted my life, but the world need never know what we once were to each other. If money is any object—and her beautiful lip curled with a contempt too intense for words—"you shall have half my wealth—the whole of it, if you will—if it only buys your silence. I will return to school, and try to forget the unutterable degradation into which I have sunk. You go your own way, and we are strangers from henceforth!"

"Mother! mother! such was our parting; in scorn and hatred on one side; in utter despair and undying remorse on the other. That day she returned to school; I fled, to drown thought in the maddening whirl and tumult of London; and we have never met since. She is unmarried still, and the reigning belle of every gilded salon in London; but I know she never will, never can, forget the abyss of humiliation into which I dragged her down. For her sake, to insure her happiness, I would willingly end this wretched existence, but that I must live for what is so dear to the gipsy heart—vengeance! With all her lofty pride, what she will feel in knowing she is the wife of a convicted felon, God and her own heart alone will ever know."

"He threw himself into a seat, and shading his face with his hands, sat silent; but the convulsive heaving of his strong chest, his short, hard breathing, told more than words could ever do, what he felt at that moment. And still the dusky shadow in the dusky corner sat silently glaring upon him with those red, lurid eyes of flame."

"To tell you this story, to commit my child to your charge, I wished to see you to-night, mother," he said, at last, without looking up. "She does not dream of its existence; she was told it died the hour of its birth, and was buried while she was still unconscious. In this pocketbook you will find the address of the woman who keeps it; tell her the count—of such she knows me—sent you for it. Take it with you to Yetholm, mother; try to think it is your son, Reginald, and forget the miserable convict whom you may never see more."

"Still no reply, but oh, the fixed, burning gaze of those 'eternal eyes of flame!'"

"Mother, you must leave me now," he said, lifting his head, and looking sorrowfully in her rigid, haggard face; "for the few hours that are left me, I would like to be alone. It is bitter for us both that we part now."

"He came over, and laid his small, delicate hand on hers, hard, coarse, and black with sun, wind, and toil."

"Listen to me, my mother!" And his low, calm, soothing tones were in strong contrast to her impassioned voice. "I am not tired of you—you wrong me by thinking so; but I have letters to write, and many matters to arrange before to-morrow's sun rises. I am tired, too, and want to rest; for it is a long time since sleep has visited my eyes, mother."

"Sleep," she bitterly echoed; "and when do you think her breast flung at intervals with her dark, horny fingers, as if she would tear thence the anguish that was driving her mad, she still flew on, until once again she found herself before the brilliantly lighted mansion of Earl De Courcy. Swelling on the night air, came borne to her ear strains of softest music, as if to mock her misery. Gay forms were flitting past the windows, and, at intervals, soft, musical peals of laughter mingled with the louder sounds of gaiety. Folding her arms over her breast, the gipsy leaned against a lamp-post, and looked, with a steady smile, up at the illuminated 'marble hall'."

"Here commanding form, made more commanding by her free, derv costume, stood out in bold relief, in the light of the street-lamp. Her dark face was set with a look fairly terrific in its intensity of hate. And that smile curling her thin, colorless lips—Satan himself might have envied her that diabolical smile of unquenchable malignity!"

Moving through his gorgeous rooms, Earl De Courcy dreamed not of the dark, vengeful glance that would, if it could, have pierced those solid walls of stone to seek him. And yet ever before him, to mar his festivity, would arise the haunting memory of that convulsed face, those distended eye-balls, those blanched lips, those upraised hands, pleading vainly for the mercy he could not grant. Amid all the glitter and gaiety of the brilliant scene around him, he could not forget the pleadings of that strong heart in its strong agony. He thought little of her threats—of her maledictions; yet, when some hours later he missed his son from the gay scene, dark thoughts of assassination—of the unfailing, subtle poisons gipsies were so skillful in, arose before him; and he shuddered with a vague presentiment of dread."

But his son had returned safe; and now the stately nobleman stood gayly chatting with a bevy of fair ladies, who clustered round him like so many gay, glittering, tropical butterflies."

"Oh! she was positively the most delightful old thing I ever saw!" exclaimed the gay voice of gay little Miss Clara Jernyngham. "Just like 'Hecate' in 'Macbeth,' for all the world—the very beau ideal of a delightful Satanic old sorceress! I would have given anything—my diamond ring, my French poodle, every single one of my lovers, or even a 'perfect love of a bonnet'—to have had her tell my fortune. I fairly dote on all those delightfully-mysterious, enchanting, ugly old gipsies who come poking round, stealing and telling fortunes. What in the world did she want of you, my lord?"

A shadow fell darkly over the brow of the earl for a moment, as he recollected that dark, impassioned woman pleading for her only son; but it passed away as quickly as it came, and he answered, with a smile:

"To tell my fortune, of course, little bright eyes. Am I not an enviable man?"

"And did she really tell it? Oh, how delightful! What did she say, my lord?"

"That I was to propose to Miss Clara Jernyngham, who was to say, 'With pleasure, my lord!—that I was to indulge her with 'loves of bonnets' and French poodles to an unlimited extent—don't you?'"

"Now, I don't believe a word of it," said Miss Clara, putting, while a peal of silvery laughter arose from the rest. "I wouldn't be a mere countess at any price. I'll have a ducal coronet, if I die for it! You know the old Duke of B—, my lord?" she added, in a mysterious whisper.

"To tell my fortune, of course, little bright eyes. Am I not an enviable man?"

"And did she really tell it? Oh, how delightful! What did she say, my lord?"

"That I was to propose to Miss Clara Jernyngham, who was to say, 'With pleasure, my lord!—that I was to indulge her with 'loves of bonnets' and French poodles to an unlimited extent—don't you?'"

the maniac mother, out once more in the beating rain and chill night wind, was lost in the great wilderness of mighty London.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOTHER'S DESPAIR.

"Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,
And eun the lonely flosses—
But soothe not, mock not, my distress!"

—BYRON.

AWAY through the driving storm—through the deepening darkness of coming morn—through the long, bleak, gusty streets—through alleys, and courts, and lanes; whirled on like a leaf in the blast that knows not, cares not, whither it goes, sped the gipsy queen, Keturah. There were not many abroad at that hour; but those she passed paused in the terror, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail—the other, and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul returning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Many lights were twinkling here and there upon the numerous barges rising and falling heavily on the long, lazy swell, but the river elsewhere lay wrapped in the blackness of Tartarus. One plunge, she thought, as she looked over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended

MY FRIEND'S SON.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

"A charming boy, my son," he said.
"Come soon, and see the dickens of it;
So pretty, playful, innocent—
The image of myself."
I went—may Heaven forgive the sin;
I will not soon repeat that trip.
I went; and found that perfect child
A perfect little rip.
His mother's eyes; his father's nose;
His uncle's pretty, sportive ways.
I take no stock in sportiveness,
So this deponent says.
Just hear his pretty prattle," cried
The cherub's mother, full of joy;
He kept the conversation up.
Did that tremendous boy
He rubbed molasses in my hair,
He crawled about me like a shrimp.
He put a bent pin on my chair,
That charming little—imp.
I had to smile, and seem amused:
The cunning rogue, just look at that!"
The father said. It was such fun
For them and for their—brat.
And still, with ever growing vim,
He spread himself, that tender youth.
Told how he cut the cherry tree—
He had to tell the truth.
He climbed the table like a cat,
And like a stone dropped down again.
Alas! he was not born to kill
Himself just there and then.
And next he set my teeth on edge
With howls that made the welkin ring.
Their cherub still he was, but with
A sadly-broken wing.
And so it went, from bad to worse;
An infant terrible was he,
Who bolted down the very things
I wanted most, at tea.
He wiped his fingers on my coat,
He spilled the gravy in my lap—
Oh, had I been his parent long,
Enough for one sound slap!
I had to grin, he was his pride;
I spent six dreadful hours shut
With that young imp; they were the last.
I've had my eye-teeth cut.
Enough is better than a feast.
And yet I dare not, that I think,
Tell that proud father what I fun
About his petted son.
But, if he asks me there again
While that boy lives, I'll yield to fate,
Without delay, to California.
Nia I'll emigrate.
And bury me in some deep gulch
Upon the new world's furthest rim,
Rather than die a martyr to
One of earth's cherubim.

The Stage-Driver's Story.

BY FREDERICK H. DEWEY.

"Well, gents, it ain't very thrilling nor fast—
fating, as book writers say, nor it ain't fiction,
which kinder rubs off the gloss of it; but if you
want to hear it, here goes," said our burly,
good-humored driver as we stopped in a stream
to allow the brown geldings to drink.
"Let us hear it by all means!" was our unan-
imous cry.
The driver smiled, and driving up the oppo-
site bank lighted his short pipe, and began as
we howled away toward the distant, purple-
tinged hills.
"I was driving this same stage, then—num-
ber forty, though on a different division—that
between Pawnee Rock and Murston's ranche.
Times was lively then—free, but not easy
times. What with Blackfeet, 'Raperos and
'roadmen,' my time was pretty much occupied,
and many's the day I've lashed the leaders into
a dead run to get away from them, the high-
waymen particularly. I was armed then to the
pockets; and in place of the single 'navy,'
I pack now, I carried two and an ace, which is
a bowie.
"My division was twenty good miles long,
mostly over a hilly country called 'the Knobs,'
from the queer shape of the hills. The thick
hazel-brush which covered these knobs was a
good skulking place for evil-doers, and I look-
ed mighty sharp when I was dodging among
those little hills. I can tell you, as they had a
bad name, on account of several men being
murdered there. I had twice been attacked
there, too, by Skinny Eph, a desperate robber-
captain, and I always expected to meet him in
among 'em; and if I did it would go hard with
me, 'cause he had a grudge against me.
"Well, one morning about ten o'clock, I took
the stage as it stopped to change horses, and
mounted the box seat, ready to drive off. As I
did so I saw there was a single passenger in-
side, and I never was so surprised in my life.
Not at the passenger exactly, for I had 'em
every day; but because it was a woman.
"Yes, siree!" continued the driver, bringing
his fist down upon his knee; "a woman, or ra-
ther girl of sixteen, or about that. I was
dumbfounded! to see a female, all alone in
them rough territories, was something I hadn't
been used to—leastways, seeing such a pretty
one as she was.
"She called to me, and said: 'Will you be so
kind as to allow me to ride outside? it is
very close in here.'
"That kinder knocked me under the weather,
for I wasn't over bold. I don't exactly remem-
ber what I said—I think it was yes; anyhow,
she got out and climbed up beside me.
"Goodness—what a face and form! big
brown eyes shining for all the world like a
squirrel's; brown hair long and wavy, glim-
mering like the off leader's hide, yonder—there!
a sight prettier; teeth like quartz—but only
I couldn't describe her if I tried a year.
"She said she was from Ohio, and was going
to join her father and brother in Placerville;
and some one else I judged by the way she red-
dened and looked down. However I can't
vouch for it.
"Well, though a when bashful myself, I
managed to say something, and she chattered
like a chipmunk in her sweet way, keeping me
laughing all the time, until we drew near the
knobs. When about fifty yards away from the
first little bushy hill I drew in and looked
ahead over the road.
"What do you see?" she asked. I didn't
want to alarm her, so I didn't say I had seen a
man on a black horse, wonderfully like Skinny
Eph (the man, I mean), dodging behind a tree
a half-mile or so away. But whipping up again
I drove into the knobs, keeping a sharp eye on
the thickets near-by, and on the tall button-
wood ahead. She didn't suspect anything, and
still kept her tongue running, asking me all
sorts of odd questions. We had gone about
half the distance to the tree, when we reached
a place where the road ran alongside a little
hollow. We had no more'n got opposite to it
when a voice in the hollow said, sharply:
"Halt!"
"Down in the hollow was a dark, wild-look-
ing man, trying to aim a revolver on me and
climb over a big log at the same time. I knew
at a peep who he was—one of Eph's gang. He
looked surly and wicked, and kept trying to
climb over the huge log and keep his revolver
aimed steady at me. I kinder drew in for a
second, then seeing he couldn't hit me the way
he was fixed, I drew and blazed away at him.
He kinder dodged a bit afore I shot, and by
doing it he saved his life, for the ball sung by
him and struck his horse which was standing

close by. The bullet hit the horse in the back,
and yelling with pain he jumped up on the road
and tore by us like the wind. That stampered
my animals, and they ran away with me afore
I could say Jack Robinson.

"As soon as they jerked away from my hold
I said to the girl, who was scared 'most to
death:

"Don't touch the lines, now!"

"I knew that women always grab the lines,
and generally tip the outfit over in the ditch,
when the team runs away, and I knew all
women were alike—at least I thought they
were. But, gents, this pretty little thing,
though white as a sheet, just leaped away out
over the side to give me elbow room—yes, by
Jove! she did. How's that for nerve!"

"The fellow behind let out a big oath, and
fired after us, but he shot wild, the ball going
clean over us. Knowing he couldn't hit us then,
I pulled and tugged at the horses who were
tearing after the robber's running horse. Ge-
mini how the old coach did bump and hammer
the ground. Luckily the road was tolerably
level or we'd 'a' been in the ditch in less'n a
minute. But the plucky girl kept leaning over
the side, and having room for my elbows, I
managed to keep pretty well in the middle of
the road.

"In the confusion I had clean forgot the rob-
ber I had seen ahead, but reclected him mighty
quick when he rode out of the bushes, and stop-
ping in the middle of the road faced me and
sighted across his gun. I knew him—he was
Skinny Eph, and was dead center on the shoot.

"We had gone over right smart of ground
in our short s'ampede, and warn't more'n a
hundred yards away from him. I knew I
couldn't rein in the horses in that short dis-
tance; I knew he would have to get out'n the
road or else get run over; and laying on the
whip I gave the nags the lines, resolving to
shoot by him like a rocket.

"But Skinny Eph was 'cute—he dropped
on my intention, and saw that if ever I got by
him, the mails, the express-box full of treas-
ure, and what money we might happen to
have about us were lost to him forever. So,
you see, 'twas his interest to stop the coach,
and that could only be done by shooting me.
Once loose from my hold on the lines, the
horses would soon overturn the coach, and the
hull outfit would be his to plunder.

"As I said before, Eph was dead-center on
the shoot, and as I see him peeping over the
sights of his rifle, I gave myself up for gone.
But, kinder obstinate by nature, I determined
to talk him if possible, and said to the gal:

"Is he shoots me—"

"So many and no more words got out of
my mouth when Eph shot, and I felt a sting-
ing pain in my arm. We had by this time
got opposite him, and I was clinging to the
lines with my left hand when Eph whipped
out his revolver, fired again, and the lines
dropped from my hands; I was shot in the left
shoulder-blade.

"For a second I watched the lines slowly
slipping over the dasher to the ground, and
felt that all was up. 'We are gone, my pretty,'
I said.

"No we ain't!" she cried, with a little
scream. The horses, knowing that they were
loose, and frantic, were leaving the road and
making toward the timber, where the coach
would be upset in a jiffy, when the little cre-
atur, looking never so pretty, caught the lines
as they were slipping to the ground, drew 'em
taut, and pulling on the off line, guided the
leaders into the road again. How is that for
nerve!"

"Can you hold 'em, my dear?" I asked.
For, bless you, I couldn't! I've either hand.
"I'll try," she said—I've drove before to-
day."

"Then keep 'em in the road and let 'em
run!" I said. Then I looked back.

"Skinny Eph was close behind, coming at
a tearing gallop and bound to overhaul us.
His horse was a better animal than old stiff-
ened stage horses, pulling a coach up a grade in-
to the bargain, and he was gaining mighty
fast. Before long he would be up with us;
then, says I, God have mercy on the poor lit-
tle creature's life, for Eph don't care for wo-
men and children any more than men.

"It was necessary, for the sake of our lives
and the express treasure and mails, that I asked
her should be stopped.

"Can you shoot a revolver, dear?" I asked
her.

"I never did in my life," she answers,
working hard to keep the horses in the road.

"Can you try?" I asked again. For you see
'twas a desperate chance.

"I don't dare to let go the reins," she said,
never taking her bonny brown eyes off the
leaders.

"Put 'em down on the footboard," I says,
and I'll put my foot on 'em." She did so.

"Now take a revolver from my belt."

"She did that, too, and very handy about it
she was.

"Now take good aim—at his body—and
fire."

"She raised the hammer, took a short aim,
shut her eyes, dodged, and fired; and the
dodge she made sent the bullet singing through
the air fifty feet over Eph's head.

"Ha! ha! ha!" yelled Eph, coming closer
every minute. 'Pull in yer horses, yer fool!'
he bawled. 'Don't yer see the game is up!'

"Try ag'in, dear!" I said. 'Don't shut
your eyes—the noise ain't going to hurt you.'

"She raised the revolver again. 'Remem-
ber and keep your eyes open,' I said. She
took short aim and fired with her eyes wide
open. But she dodged, just before pulling the
trigger—kinder afraid, as I have seen more
than one man, that she was going to be blown
up."

"This bullet went nearer than the first, but
it still missed Eph by ten feet or more. He
roared a horse-laugh again.

"It was getting desperate. Eph was now
riding abreast of the baggage-rack, and in a
few more leaps would be abreast of the horses.
I detected his design: he was aiming to shoot
down one of the leaders and bring the coach
to a halt. Then all would be lost. I had got
so I didn't care partic'larly about myself, but
the express, the mail, and the dear little girl—
God help her, thinks I, if she ever falls into
his hands!"

"Skinny Eph drew closer and closer, and
raised his revolver with a laugh like a devil's.
I watched his aim: he was drawing a bead on
the off leader.

"For God's sake, girl," I cried, 'shoot, and
don't dodge! Shoot, and shoot to kill him!
God have mercy on you as well as me, if ever
we fall into his hands!"

"If I ever saw the exultation of a devil, I
saw it on Skinny Eph's face as he looked at
the girl, at me, at the mails and express-box,
and then peered along his revolver, bearing on
the off leader.

"Just then the girl leaned across me—and
how her cheeks burned and eyes shone!—and
thrusting the revolver down within ten feet of
Eph, took an aim as coolly as I ever saw aim
took, and fired.

"Eph dropped his arm, shrieked, turned his

face distorted with agony toward me—looked
for a moment, then his eyes became glassy—
reeled, groaned, and tossing his arms over his
head, fell out of the saddle, dead, shot right
through the heart."

"His horse dashed away, terrified, leaving
Skinny Eph, so long the terror of the overland
stage, dead as a door-nail in the road."

"We had now got to a long and steep grade,
and the horses, jaded with their run, were glad
to slacken and finally halt, quieted down. The
brave little gal looked round, panted as she
saw Eph's dead body behind, looked for the
other robber who was not in sight, turned
white and fainted dead away on my shoulder.

But she soon came to, and after the horses got
rested, took up the lines again and drove into
Pawnee Rock, a matter of ten mile or more,
for I was so weak I couldn't set up. When
the next driver took the lines, she bid me
good-by, gave me a kiss, and was off for
Placerville, while I went to bed, where I staid
for a matter of a month or so.

"I think 'twas two year ago, when one
winter I got sick of snow and ice, and took a
trip to California and to Placerville. There I
found the little gal, pretty as ever, married to
the young fellow she had come across to meet,
the mother of a fine pair of twins, and happy
as a lark. And that, gents, is the story, such
as 'tis. And here we are at Winslow's (my
station), and here I leave you."

Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND!

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BILLY TAKES TALL PINE CAPTIVE.

A YELL burst from the warrior's lips. Had
a wild cat landed upon his back he would not
have betrayed more terrible surprise. He
tried to shake his adversary off, but Billy,
with the strong grip of death itself, locked his
legs around the red-skin's waist in such a
manner as prevented him from drawing his
knife; while, with the power of a constrictor,
the arms of the youth were clasped over the
red-skin's throat until his life was nearly choked
out of his body.

The warrior threw himself upon the ground
and endeavored to roll his foe from his back;
he tried to rub and crush him off against the
sharp edges of the rock. Like the Old Man of
the Sea he clung there as though he had grown
upon the savage's back.

The latter finally straightened himself up,
drew a strong breath, and then started off
across the valley, determined to carry the lad
off to where his friends were; but Billy seeing
his object closed tighter on the red-skin's
throat and choked him until his face grew
black and he fell to his knees.

"Now then," exclaimed Billy, easing up on
his knees, at the same time pressing the
muzzle of a pistol against his temple by sim-
ply bending his hand without removing his
arm from the warrior's throat, "if you at-
tempt that ag'in, by my soul I'll let rip this
little pup of war. Turn yer face to yer back
and moosey straight off, for yees he's got to go
back to the b'y's wid me."

Again the Indian attempted to draw his
knife from his girdle, but to his surprise found
the weapon was gone. This discovery seemed
to make him all the more desperate, and he
made another frantic effort to dislodge his
young enemy from his back, but every hostile
demonstration that he made was promptly
checked by Billy, who would tighten his
grip upon the throat.

The sight was one so ludicrous that it would
have provoked Diogenes himself into a fit of
laughter. Nor was the ridiculous performance
without spectators. Billy's own friends had
shifted their position to a point where they
could command a view of the whole scene,
and even the sober gravity of Bold Heart was
forced into an outburst of laughter. Wild
Dick became almost frantic in his emotions,
and leaning back against a rock laughed till
the perspiration rolled down his face.

Billy's friends, however, were not the only
witnesses to the tragic comedy. The Indian's
friends had also gained a position where they
could command a view of the valley; but none
of them dared to advance to their friend's as-
sistance. They knew that several unerring
rifles would be brought to bear upon them.
To attempt to dislodge Billy by a shot under
the circumstances would be to endanger the
life of their comrade, when in fact they could
not fully determine which was really master
of the situation.

"Will yees mind me, now, ye dumbest owl
spalpeen!" exclaimed Billy, after having ad-
ministered a severe choking to the savage.

The latter's only reply was a frantic effort
to get his teeth on Billy's arm; but in this he
also failed, and another pressure of the jugal
rendered him more manageable and con-
vinced him that every attempt to dislodge the
young leech at his back would be attended
with a severe punishment. He fully compre-
hended the disadvantage under which he was
placed. The cold muzzle of the revolver,
pressed against his temple, acted like a power-
ful electric battery upon his nerves. He
dodged and quivered as though he were going
into convulsions, and at length, in obedience
to his "rider's" command, turned his face
southward. But he refused to budge a step.

"Now don't be shilly-shally like a mule, red-
skin," exclaimed Billy, "just advance now,
like a right-awed soldier or b' the mother
thar Moses I'll let her rip," and he emphasized
his words by pressing the revolver closer
against the warrior's temple.

The latter gave his great body a kind of a
convulsive jerk, then, with an effort that
seemed to tear his heart-strings, he moved
slowly away across the valley in the direction
of Billy's friends.

The savages that were concealed over among
the rocks and shrubbery saw how matters
stood and started from their cover to aid their
unfortunate comrade. But the report of three
rifles and the fall of one of their number
forced a precipitous retreat back to shelter.

This repulse seemed to have driven the last
spark of hope from the red-skin's breast, and
as if anxious to be rid of his humiliating bur-
den, he moved on with a quicker step.

Up the acclivity, amid the rocks and tower-
ing pines, toiled the downcast warrior, while
his friends looked on with vengeful, burning
eyes.

"Sheep mighty keeful now, red-skin," ad-
monished Billy, as his captive picked his way
up the weary heights; "a single m'lsheep
might kill yees. Musha! but yees are a
shout ole booger, red-skin—could carry a
dozen of the likes of little Billam Brady of
away-off owd Ireland."

The Indian was as sullen and morose as a
murderer, never deigning to answer a word
addressed to him more than to obey the in-
junctions of his captor. His great form shook
and trembled at times as though a volcano of

vengeful wrath and power was struggling for
an outlet. Once he turned and glanced down
over a fearful precipice. Billy felt his form
sway like a pine in the wind and his breast
swell like a pillow tossed by an angry storm.

The youth knew at once that the red-skin
had self-destruction in his mind and prepared
to act accordingly. But some unknown mo-
tive turned the warrior from his suicidal pur-
pose, and he toiled on up the hill.

They soon came to where Billy's friends
awaited their arrival.

"Billy Brady," cried Perry, "what in the
nation are you about?"

"Rhiding up to glory on the back of Sat-
tan," was Billy's prompt, yet irreverent re-
ply.

"Billy, you're an audacious young wild-cat—
a reckless young scallawag," added Wild Dick,
his face almost burning red with inward
emotion.

"Och, now, b'ys, don't throw up me poor
relations to me face. But come right down to
the fact av it, this rhad skin is a contrary,
big ole booger, but mees rhaked the owd ring-
tail from taw. There, Bold Heart," and the
youth leaped nimbly from the red-skin's back
with the air of a conqueror—"there now is
the scalp yees won. Bounce it, b'y, bounce it!"

"No, no," interrupted Perry, with a shud-
der; "that would be barbarous—inhuman.
The captive has suffered enough already."

The Indian, who stood with sullen brow and
folded arms, regarded Perry with a look of si-
lent thanks, while the cloud upon his face grew
less dark.

"Mees caught the scalp for Mister Bold
Heart," said Billy, indifferently, "and he can
do as he pleases bout hoisting it off the boog-
er's snoodle. Only I want him to consider I
owe him no scalp."

"The red-skin's a livin' captive," Wild Dick
said, compassionately, "and it 'd be right ag'in
the laws of civilized warfare to scalp a
prisoner. It 'd be too much like the red-skins
would serve us, were we in such a predicam-
ent, and I boast of some civilized blood."

"But it seems to me," declared Perry,
"that we're like the man that drew the ele-
phant at the lottery; we have something on
our hands that will be a detriment to us."

"To be sure," said Dick, "and so our only
course is to let him go at liberty."

The Indian seemed to understand all that
was said, for his dusky face relaxed a little
more into its natural expression.

"Yes, we'd better let him go," admitted
Perry.

"On parole?" asked Billy.

"Yes," returned Dick; then he continued,
addressing the warrior: "Red-skin, you have
been unfortunate in to day's adventure. You
are now in our power, but I reckon you are
aware of that fact. We have it within our
power to kill you; that you also know.

But look here, red-skin; we're going to do the
handsome thing by you, in hopes you'll not
fall to do the same. We are going to let you
go on parole."

"What that?" inquired the Indian, in toler-
able English, his face growing brighter.

"A promise on our part to let you go free,
on condition you will promise to set free the
first white captive that falls into your hands."

"What if him fall into Ingin's hands?" asked
the warrior, pointing toward his late cap-
tor, who stood near, with a grin on his face
and a twinkle in his eyes.

"You are to let him go because he is willing
now to let you go. This you must promise be-
fore ever we set you free. Will you promise
by the Great Spirit that you will do so?"

"Tall Pine loves life. The young pale-faces
are not cowards. Tall Pine promises that he
will set at liberty the first white captive he
takes."

"If you break faith with us, Tall Pine, we
will hunt you down like a deer and take your
life," was Wild Dick's threat.

"Tall Pine has spoken. His tongue is not
crooked."

"Then go your way, Tall Pine."

"And sin no more," added Billy, nudging
Perry, while he looked down his nose to keep
from laughing.

The savage turned, and with all the dignity
of his proud spirit, walked away. He did not
hurry. He would not have shown fear, nor
that he suspected treachery, even if he had en-
tertained such a thought—not even to have
saved his life.

"Now, boys," observed Wild Dick, as the
tall form of the Indian disappeared from sight,
"Tall Pine and his followers will make it liv-
ely for us. He may keep his promise and lib-
erate the first captive taken; but it won't do
to trust him. 'T'll be war to the knife from this
on."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RIVALRY COMPACT.

FRANK CASELTON and Idaho Tom gazed at
each other for a moment after they had sat
down in the dense shadows of the pines.

Frank noticed the light in Tom's eyes, but
betrayed no outward fear.

Tom seemed more confused than excited,
and manifested surprise at having drawn his
revolver, and at once returned it to his belt.
A faint smile flitted across his face, and he
moved uneasily upon his seat.

"Frank," he at length said, hesitatingly,
and in a tone that denoted a reluctance to say
what was uppermost in his thoughts, "you
and I have been friends but a short time—a
few hours, in fact."

"Our acquaintance has been limited," af-
firmed Frank, in a calm, cool tone.

"But in this time I have come to regard
you as a gentleman—a boy that can be trust-
ed," continued Tom.

"To praise oneself is half scandal; but,
Tom, I have always endeavored to be faithful
to my friends, and think I have succeeded.
But pardon my interruption."

"Certainly; but, Frank, will you be willing
to answer a fair question?"

"Yes; if in my power so to do," answered
Frank, not a little puzzled by Tom's question,
and the object he was driving at.

"Last night, when I landed on the floating
island and made my presence known, I came
across you and Zoe Leland in conversation."

"You did," affirmed Frank, an inkling of
the truth beginning to dawn upon his mind.

"I even heard a few words that passed be-
tween you, for all I was not eavesdropping,"
continued the young outlaw. "From the
manner of your speech, Frank, I naturally
came to the conclusion that you loved that
girl. Am I right?"

Frank blushed crimson. His eyes sought
first the ground, then Tom's piercing orbs, as
a smile passed over his face.

"That is really a leading question, Tom,"
he finally replied; "but, to be honest with you,
I do love that girl with all my heart."

"And so do I," Tom spoke with a depth
of earnestness foreign to his usual zealotry.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Frank, gazing in-
quiringly into Tom's eyes.

"Yes, indeed! A wooden man couldn't
help loving that girl—that lovely Zoe Leland.

But there is one thing certain: both of us can-
not possess her love."

"I know not whether she cares the snap of
my finger for either," said Frank.

"Nor I."

"And she never may."

"But you will try to win her love, will you
not, Frank?"

"I will."

"And so will I."

"I hope then our objects, both of which can
not be gratified, will not make us enemies."

"Never, on my part."

"Nor on mine, Tom."

"My object in introducing this delicate
subject was, that by an understanding we
might avert antagonism, and enter into a com-
pact that would guarantee continued friend-
ship. I am a boy of about your own age,
Frank, and yet I am called the Outlaw of Sil-
verland. I have been reckless and wild, it is
true. I have done some things that were not
right, yet were in no sense criminal. I am my
own worst enemy. I have made money hon-
estly and squandered it. The spirit of mischief
and adventure has been in me, ever since I
could crawl. Dark and evil deeds have been
accredited to Idaho Tom, but there must be
another person of the same name. Since I
became acquainted, or rather since I first saw
Zoe, I have felt like another person. Perhaps
that's why I think there's another Idaho Tom
—my old self with a new spirit. There is a
struggle for the better going on within me. I
am conscious of the fact that I have got to
mend my ways in order to attain the object to
which my soul aspires. In this particular, you
doubtless have the advantage of me—not stand-
ing in need of reform in moral principle. Now,
Frank, I am not going to ask you to relinquish
your intention regarding that fair girl. Such
a request would be very impudent as well as
selfish. But I want to say this: let us make a
fair, honest fight for her love; the one defeat-
ed in the contest withdrawing with the honor
of a gentleman fairly beaten. I don't know
that either one can win her love, but both,
manlike, will try, nerved up by more or less
conceit. I will make an open fight of it with
you, Frank, by going right on as though you
were not contending for the same prize. I will
know no rival. I will resort to no intrigue nor
deception. I will not dog your footsteps to
shoot you in the back, like a sneaking coward.
I will never mention your name to her unless
it is to speak of you as I would of any other
friend. I will not, when I meet you hereafter,
ask for a comparison of notes in regard to this
compact, nor inquire after your success; for
one that would speak lightly of Zoe Leland is
unworthy of her notice. Perhaps if she could
hear me now, she would despise me for making
her the object of a contest of this kind. Nei-
ther one of us may succeed; but, if we do not,
one cannot blame the other. Moreover, I know
we would be better enemies—deadly rivals in-
side of a week, if some such understanding
was not had between us. It is only for you to
say now, Frank, whether you will accept my
proposition in this matter."

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those desiring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:
One copy, four months \$1.00
One copy, one year 3.00
Two copies, one year 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never enclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Loans by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Buffalo Bill's New Story!

Will commence immediately upon the ending of the serial now running in our columns, viz.: "Deadly-Eye." This new story is wholly unlike his first. It is exceedingly novel in construction, and possessed of a personal interest that is thrilling and abiding. The readers of wild Western life romance have a great treat in store.

Sunshine Papers.

Next Morning—Facts.

EMMELINE had been out to a social gathering. Several hours had elapsed since her return. She had parted from her lover in an angry mood, had taken less sleep than usual, and the ice-cream and fruit of the previous night had disagreed with her. Emmeline, certainly, was not in the best of humors when questioned concerning the recent entertainment, which may be adduced as some excuse for her uncharitable remarks. (Be the truth told, however, though in parenthesis. Emmeline, being purely feminine, and therefore possessing naturally a morose of femininity, would have been quite likely to have said the same under the most delightful circumstances.)

"Who was there?" says Emmeline, repeating a question and turning sharply around from her dressing-glass. "Why, every one that one cares nothing about, to be sure." And she flings herself mirrorward again and gives vicious jerks to her tresses as her questioners are wrapped in silent amazement by this extraordinary announcement. Emmeline had been invited to meet her dear, particular friends.

"Oh! well, if you must know, Addie Millars was there, and most abominable she did look, too, in white!" Emmeline exclaims, animatedly, and regardless of certain grammatical rules. "Think of it! white and no other color, and she as yellow as pickled salmon. Addie Millars! she's pretty! Well, I never found it out before, and we have been intimate friends a long time now—ever since last spring! Pretty, indeed! with sallow skin, and round, black eyes like two shoe-buckles, and wears number three shoes and six gloves." Emmeline is fond of inviting comparison with her own hands and feet. "Stylish! It is quite easy to be stylish when one wears a fortune in false hair and spends all their time fixing it. For my part, I should be ashamed to waste my time as Addie does." Addie's amiable friend says, severely, and quite unwarmed of memory concerning the three hours and some odd minutes she spent in arranging last evening's toilet.

"Then Ryan Marcellus was there; the most odious fellow I know! If there is any one I hate 'tis a nice, quiet young man, with all his deceitful airs, trying to make people believe he is a saint without paint or whitewash; when, I reckon, if the truth was known, he is worse than any heathen in the Cannibal Islands! I used to admire young Marcellus! I was greatly mistaken, Miss Impudence! I always hated him. He is an idiot, an ugly little beast, a conceited puppy!" Miss Emmeline remarks acidly, with utter contempt for Christian graces, honest sentiments, and ladylike language, and a recollection of the ignominious failure of all her flirtatious designs upon innocent Ryan.

And now, Emmeline's member of speech having taken to action, she sends out a most vigorous flow of language: "Halley Mason was there, too, the little fool! I never could see why people think him so witty. For my part, I consider him a great dunce, a good mate for that airy Ella Dana, who follows him everywhere. They are engaged! Well, they ought to be! No girl ever made a more dead set after a fellow than she! And Carrie Graves has made a perfect goose of herself about him; serves her right that she did not catch him, she is so crazy to wear a diamond ring. I would buy one myself, I think, if I was such a piece of vanity as she is. Thank goodness, I don't go wild over trinkets, or throw myself at young men's heads like a football! She had a horrid supper! Stale cake and cheap ice-cream, I know. And if I tried to have fruit I would have a nice assortment, but I suppose they could not afford it. I know Carrie Graves well enough. With all their make-believe they are as poor as Job's turkey! And she made me promise to spend a night with her next week, while her folks go out of town, the little wretch! I would not go, only that splendid Joe Vinne is going to call on us, and ma would never let me ask him here. I suppose the nasty creature will be awfully selfish, but I mean to have a show!"

And with this lucid statement Emmeline quenched her graceful compliments to her hostess in a bowl of water. She emerged quite fiercely, with—"Yes, and there was Helen Warham, with all the airs and graces imaginable, and the suit she has worn two summers. I do detest Helen! A great friend of mine, indeed! She hangs around me, because they are poor and want to keep in refined society! And I can always get her to play for dancing when I invite a few friends, so I go with her; but, bah! I despise poor people! Was Jeannette Ardwell there? Yes, she was, and she looked like one of the Furies!" Emmeline announced, viciously, without particular regard for the elegancies of the English language. "Oh! you should have seen her in her new black silk, with red bows, and a red belt with loops; I tell you she looked fierce, the horrid thing! I think I'll have navy-blue bows and belt for my black; it must be style if Jeannette wears her ribbons so. Oh! what a horrid, proud upstart she is! If I was so rich, I would not give myself such frills! You are going out? Well, if you meet Jeannette, tell her to be sure and drop around to-night, to practice a duet we were speaking of. I have struck up quite an intimacy with her. Did you say breakfast had been waiting a half-hour? Oh, well, I only

care for some coffee," and Emmeline marched toward the lower regions, calling from below: "Really, with all those red ribbons, Jean nette looked like a regular guy!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Chat.—A correspondent who evidently relishes a joke, sends us the following:

"A Scotchman one day entering a photograph gallery, asked the operator if he could produce a portrait of anything, and receiving an assuring reply left the gallery. In about an hour he returned with a basket on his arm, and the 'artist' led the way to the operating room, where the Scotchman drew from his basket a lot of worn-out gaiters, including underwear, shoes, etc. And what are you doing with these?" asked the photographer. "Why, mon, these be the cloos o' me dead wife, an' as I have no picture frae her I brings the' gaiters she wore; so g'ie me a gude picture, an' I dinna care wha' the charge."

The Scotchman went away in high dudgeon when, with such aids, the photographer confessed his inability to produce a portrait.

ONE of the omnipresent family of Smiths, writing from a considerable town in Illinois, says:

"The SATURDAY JOURNAL is as indispensable an article in my family almost as flour. I read two other weeklies, but the JOURNAL is looked at first and always first read through—not only one story but one and all before the others are looked at. It is food for the mind, while the others are like eating when you ain't hungry—it's mere pastime without enjoyment. The story by Buffalo Bill, 'Yellowstone Jack,' Idaho Tom, and others, are so near alike my own experience in the 'Rockies,' that they carry me back to familiar scenes. Some of the plots are laid over many a foot of the very ground I have scouted over and hunted. I could not tell it better myself. They are a treat, a feast."

Our writers of stories of Western life are, indeed, "to the manner born." Every one of them knows that life from having lived in it and participated in its peculiar experiences. No paper published in America can boast of such a splendid corps of writers, in this particular field, as now are exclusively engaged upon the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

A SKETCH from Buffalo Bill's pen will be given in our next number, narrating a couple of his indoor adventures, which vividly illustrate "the dangers he has passed" as well as the service he has rendered government in his capacity of scout and guide.

A WARNING.

"Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

I suppose it makes no matter to you, my good woman, what becomes of those creatures who are, in your eyes, the lowest of the vile. You care not if the rabble hoot at them and women draw their skirts closer around them when they pass near them. You have all that heart can wish for. Every request of yours is gratified. You are blessed with a good home, a good husband and children, surrounded by not only the comforts but by the luxuries of the world. You have no fear that you or yours will go astray; you and they are above temptation. Your home is surrounded by a moral and religious atmosphere. Wouldn't it be a little better were you to infuse some of the real Christianity into it—such Christianity, for instance, as the Lord himself showed for the Magdalen. The poor, betrayed girl may have had as happy a home as yours. Think of it; she might have been your own child! You shudder. Had any one told her mother, years ago, how the girl would have turned out, she would have shuddered as you do now. We may believe that others will go wrong, but never our own. We never take the matter home to our door, and think the erring one might be one of our loved ones. We deem it no harm to scoff and sneer when others turn aside from virtue's path and follow the way of the wicked; yet, if our own had fallen by the way, we'd think it wicked if people reviled them and withdrew the hand that might have raised them up.

"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be," is a precept verified every day of our lives. Are there not those among us who have lived to see its truth? Are there not persons living who always imagined their children to be the purest of the pure, and held them up as examples for others to imitate? By, but who turned out to be arrogant rogues! Do we obey the Golden Rule when we censure and condemn too harshly and severely? Is it doing unto others as we would have others do unto us, when we stretch forth no hand to save? Would we wish to be kicked and cuffed about? I wouldn't; no more would you; then why treat others so? We are all pilgrims to the great eternal shrine, and by words and deeds of kindness should we encourage and help the worn, weary, tempted and fallen. Help those out of the slough who are already in it and do your utmost in keeping others from falling in.

The murderers, thieves and other criminals were once pure, and many of them had as bright a future before them as some who are now growing up around us. I can't believe that any one is born bad. It is temptation that makes so many criminals. We do not know what we might do were we tempted. A noted journalist has said, "If you were starving, you would steal a loaf of bread to appease your hunger, if you could not get the bread any other way. I would." You shrink with horror at the very thought, and yet you would do the same thing under the same circumstances. I'm not saying I don't consider it wicked to steal. But if you want to keep many from stealing, you must keep them from starving.

We don't mind how much we throw stones at the glass houses of our less fortunate fellow-beings, and we never think anything can harm our house. We feel secure, too secure. We believe our homes safe and ourselves beyond corruption. We do not stand on slippery places. We have always stood aloof from temptation, and why cannot others? Sometimes there is but a little cloud in the sky, and you think it betokens no ill, but it may increase to such a size as to bring a heavy storm. It is somewhat the case with ourselves. Sometimes the most trivial circumstance will increase until we are overwhelmed with trouble. Then we want aid and not scoffs. Can we expect it when we would not give it to our neighbor who is seeing his day of trouble?

Temptation, vice and sin come in at many a door we think we have securely fastened. Strive as we will to keep them out, they break through the strongest barriers. Do let us have more charity for others, more compassion for the wrong-doer, and more sympathy with his friends upon whom he has brought disgrace. If we have wealth, we must not think that it will keep sorrow from our door.

Wealth does not confer happiness, nor will it open to us the gates of heaven; and those who think themselves all they should be, and make a boast of it, ought to remember that humility and meekness are far more worthy in the sight of Heaven than pride and ostentation, and keep in remembrance the solemn warning: "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." EYE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Late Storms in the West.

Special Dispatches to the Weather Office of the Saturday Journal.

CINCINNATI.—It has rained like sixty for forty days. The rain don't seem to be giving us any of its slack yet. The higher the river gets the faster it goes down. People who have been trying all their lives to hold their heads above water have at last succumbed and gone under. The waters are now fifteen feet over people's heads, and they are waiting as patiently as they can for a fall, which will be about next fall, perhaps.

Columbus.—This rain has put a damper on everything; in fact, we never saw anything damper. The rain let go and fell first about a week ago, and it hasn't caught itself yet. The canal that was left out in the rain is very wet, and some of its banks have suspended. The Scioto river is up on tiptoe and running on four feet with a velocity which makes your head swim only to look at it, and it is so high you can't see the top of it without a step-ladder. People all wearing extra stockings over their shoes to keep them out of the mud and water. We have not had the exquisite pleasure of having any dust blown into our eyes for many days, and the street-sprinkler has hid itself somewhere away out of sight in some remote cow-shed.

St. Louis.—The weather never was so wet; in fact, it is nearly drowned, and the skies pour as if they were being run through a gigantic clothes-wringer. The barometer is so low that it is not expected to recover, and the amount of water in drinks is appalling. Railroad stocks are thoroughly watered. It is one shower after another; one shower begins before the other shower has any notion of slackening up, and the sun has long been put out of countenance. Rivers all up early and bridges down. Citizens are all out in Boyton's life-preserving suits, including the flannels and brandy. A very large umbrella over this State would be a desirable thing. If this city had been taken in in time it would have been a blessing. Local reporters say there hasn't been a fire for a month; nothing will burn. It is very distressing.

Pittsburgh.—The river was never so high before in its life, or at least the country was never so low. When people have to go down in diving bells to get roasting ears for dinner it is getting very boisterous, as it were. It has rained two days out of one for the last three weeks, and when a fellow floating around on a log sees the top of a steeple sticking out of water he can be pretty sure he is in the vicinity of a town. You occasionally see a ten-acre field floating down-stream.

Louisville.—Unless this rain is soon reined in we will all go out with the tide. Everything is thoroughly soaked and we look like a set of old soakers. Every one carries a long face and a short-handled umbrella, with his pants rolled up and his boots under his arm. It rains and it pours, and as there are no more cisterns to put all the water into there is a general flood and we are looking for a new Noah to rise up and save us or we will soon be Noah more. All railroad bridges have been washed out, but that doesn't make any difference on some of the roads, it seems. Farmers find all their dividing fences swept away and also all their old neighborhood grudges. Everything is getting along swimmingly. Houses that never had any water in them are well supplied without the aid of a plumber. It rains six quarts actual measurement to the gallon and thirty-six hours in the day. We never saw it rain harder—that is to say easier since it has got so used to it. The Ohio has got its back dreadfully up.

Indianapolis.—High water is so very plentiful around here, that it is very low, and everybody can get it cheap. Fish are drowning everywhere. Everything is about washed away, including our sins. Clouds burst like egg-shells and let the contents out, and the consequence is that all the rivers are raised ten or twenty feet off the ground. People who never washed in their lives are now all washed off clean. There has been washing done every family. Farmers who wanted to move have taken advantage of the rise, and are seen floating down the river in their houses, steering them with the back door. Occasionally you will see a citizen poke his head above water to see how the sky looks, but when he sees there is as much water in the air as on earth, he will draw his head under again, with a look of disappointment all over it. All the pikes in this section have been washed out of place and most of them now are over on the other side of the fences.

Kornkoblotten.—All the creeks are running over the bridges without paying toll. The mayor has issued a proclamation against further encroachments of the rain, but it still rains. When people climb to the roofs of their houses and then can't see out to the top of the water, you can imagine that considerable dew has fallen. Water is continually falling as if it was squeezed out of a mop-rag. If they are going to transport the Pacific ocean here, we pray that they may throw in an occasional island. Everybody has water on the brain.

Springfield.—The ground has just begun to crawl up out of the water. Grain crops all destroyed. Muskatoes, however, will yield sixty bushels to the acre. Fish-worms, a full crop. The rain got loose and came down in barrels, though we prayed that our share might be left out. No dry people here for a long time.

HUMOR AND SARCASTIC.

It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Esop, who was doubtless the subject of many a gibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story, in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was jolly to the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a dangerous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

Topics of the Time.

A friend was badly bored the other day by a "man of leisure" who drops in during business hours and absorbs much valuable time to no purpose. When he had gone on for some time he exclaimed: "Oh, would that the Fool-killer would do his duty!" To our mind the Fool-killer is very busy, for the number of deaths per day charged solely to him is frightful. What with cucumbers, watermelons and green corn—with indications of the most vilest of the vilest decorations sold over more than one hundred thousand counters—with "patent medicines" that benefit only the "doctor" who makes them—with gutters, reservoirs, cess-pools and yards disseminating fever germs in a steady stream—with swamps and ponds diffusing malaria—we think the Fool-killer is doing big things to rid the world of fools.

On the farm of Mrs. Harrison Whalley, of Moorfield, Ky., are innumerable bones of a mammoth race of human beings, forming, as says the authority, another proof of how little is known of the races and tribes who flourished in the centuries ago. The fact that these bones are found scattered about only a few inches below the surface of the soil seems to preclude the idea of this being a general burying ground. The indications of the bones are the most striking of a gigantic struggle between hostile factions, for a premonition in battle. If this be true, what deeds of valor and strength may we not anticipate to have been enacted in those days when the veritable giant peopled the country!

As illustration of the reason that even bugs exercise in their daily life we have this story, from New Orleans, of a wasp and ground-beetle—there called, respectively, a dirt-dauber and doodlebug. With a buzz of anger the wasp dashes into the beetle's hole-in-the-ground house, but only to get severely handled by the watchful beetle's nippers and claws, and the dauber soon came forth, fairly dancing with pain, and rubbing his head a few times he walked backward and forth as if considering the situation. Then, after a moment of close consideration, he cautiously approached the hole and began to scratch dust into it. Occasionally he peeped in to see the effect of his strategy. Thus the hole was slowly filled, and the bug, compelled to keep on top of the dust or smother, was gradually brought near the surface. At length the bug's head appeared in sight, and the wasp, quickly pouncing upon it, killed his antagonist. No U. S. topographical engineer could have managed that operation better.

It is stated that out of eight hundred convicts in the Georgia penitentiary only one-tenth are white, the majority of the blacks are boys from ten to fifteen years of age. This is a dreadful comment on negro morals in Georgia, if the law is administered with equal severity on white and black. Even the civilization of that State needs reconstruction. Why, sending young boys to the penitentiary is worse than barbarism. It simply makes them criminals for life. Some of the money we lavish on foreign missions would be better spent on the Southern negro.

The population of Prussia proper is steadily decreasing. Statistics show that added to the war losses a decrease of over fifty thousand is perceptible during the last ten years. When a state begins to lose population it is not necessarily a sign of decadence. Germany never was so prosperous or vigorous as at the present time, and Germans never felt more proud of "fatherland."

How do you know the person is really dead? Real death sometimes does not come when the body has ceased to breathe, and no doubt many, very many people have been buried alive, owing to the deceptive nature of the signs of death. If you have even the slightest doubt of the presence of a living being around the finger of the prostrate person. If swelling and redness ensue, try all methods of restoration before yielding. If no reaction to the ligature occurs, your occasion for hope is small, as it is probable the soul has passed the boundaries of this world.

From Iowa we learn that an ingenious burglar worked five hours one night last week, burrowing into one of the railroad buildings at Chester, and after he effected an entrance, exhausted, perspiring and profane, he had his choice of stealing a hand-car or a disabled freight-car truck. Long hours after he had passed out of sight down the railroad track the people of Chester could hear him swear.

Max Adler tells a new story, the gist of which is as follows: Bill Slocum was nominated for mayor of Pencader, and one day, in a street conversation, he remarked, "I've got to win. I intend devoting much time to the study of the subject, and I'm going to do it." Mrs. Martin, overhearing it, imperfectly, went around and reported that Mrs. Slocum had got twins. The boys at once decided to serenade Bill, and that night they marched out to his house, with a band playing "Hail to the Chief," several red fire companies, a group of white-dressed girls in a wagon, a lot of banners, and plenty of enthusiasm. Bill made a speech about the canvass, and then there were shouts of "Where's the twins?" "Hold 'em up to the windmill!" and the like. Bill said there was a mistake, but the band sarcastically played, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and the boys shouted louder for the twins. When the truth prevailed the assembly dispersed in disgust, and Bill was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

A young Hindoo lady is about to demonstrate her horridly cruel and unchristianlike nature. Miss DeVegas, of Calcutta, said to be beautiful and of aristocratic lineage, but in impoverished pecuniary circumstances, has devised an ingenious scheme to obtain simultaneously a husband and a fortune. It is something less than to offer herself as a prize at a lottery, for 100 rupees per share. She expects to realize 100,000 rupees by the scheme, and agrees to divide the fund equally with the fortunate man who draws the prize, if matrimony should be disagreeable to either party, thus declining an invitation to take a husband unless he suits her. The novelty of the scheme has rendered it attractive to the marriageable bachelors of the Hindoo capital, and the shares were selling rapidly, so that, according to East India correspondence, the lady will probably realize her 100,000 rupees, whether she wins thereby a husband or not.

Prince Bismarck's letter acknowledging the gift of a cane made of wood from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, contains this passage: "This day is one which never fails to recall to my mind the happy hours which I spent on many a Fourth of July with American friends; first with John Lothrop Motley, in Goettingen, in 1832; again with Mitchell C. King and Armory Coffin. Would that you and I might always be as healthy and contented as we four young fellows were forty-three years ago to-day at Goettingen, celebrating the Fourth of July."

Archduke Maximilian of Bavaria went recently to Vienna to visit his daughter, the Empress of Austria. He always travels quietly, and was mistaken for a business man by a talkative Austrian tradesman, who occupied the same compartment in the train, and, after telling all about his own affairs, asked the archduke where he was going. "Going to Vienna." "On business?" "No; to visit my daughter, who married an Austrian." "Is your son-in-law in good business?" "Well, tolerably good, but trouble some at times." "What is he?" "The emperor." The tradesman was covered with confusion, and notwithstanding the laughing protestations of the archduke he departed from the carriage at the very first stopping-place.

The best trait in Barney William's character is the filial love and reverence he has for the cold mother, an ancient Irish woman, who can never be won to his side. The Fifth-avenued, who will smoke a pipe, who will wear a pea-bog cap, who has no book-learning, and a brogue who could cut with a knife, but who has the place of honor at table and the best house affairs, who is introduced to every guest with fond affection, who can go sit and smoke her dunder on the stone steps, "forinst the dure av she play-acts," as she says. What a fine example the play-actor sets.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. received for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wasted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Declined: "The Galleon's Prize;" "The Spirit of the Tower;" "Solitude;" "The Price of a Rose;" "The Talking Violin;" "The Thwarted Villain;" "A Good Devil;" "Honest Old Listen;" "A Spruce Festival, etc.;" "The Old Maid's Three Husbands;" "Ask Not and Ye Shall Receive;" "The Dreary Month."

C. A. M. We send you Buffalo Bill's large portrait, as requested.

DIGRA. Silver and gold are often found mixed in the ore and veins.

CELEA N. S. No eyes ever change color. Blue eyes sometimes grow darker, and gray eyes grayer, or run to a bluish cast; but a blue eye never grows black, etc.

ARTHUR CHRISTIE. No MSS. wanted of the nature you suggest. Our answers to correspondents are authentic and called for. Some other papers may purchase; we want no such MSS.

YOUNG AMERICA. Beadle's "Dime Debater and Chairman's Guide" is the book you need. It not only tells you how to preside over your club but gives rules, by-laws, etc., for running a club of the club. Your writing is much too close and fine.

BUFFALO BILL. We have no means of knowing anything about the "doctor" referred to or his cure, but as medical humbugs usually operate by a slicking remittance of money, we don't advise you to spend your money in that direction. Your case is a simple one that any good physician can treat successfully.

S. Y. P. We know of no "boxing schools" in Boston. All good gymnasiums teach boxing as an athletic exercise. Inquire at the gymnasiums.—We have in view stories by the author named.

D. D. J. France has paid no portion of her enormous war debt. She borrowed five thousand millions of francs to indemnify Germany for its war expenses, and to-day owes to Germany the borrowed sum but for her own enormous expenses incurred in the war with Germany.

GEORGE'S CORNERS. The erratic George Francis Train is not dead in body, but his errandings have rather "laid him on the shelf." His presidential aspirations will not bear venturing at present. We don't know his address since he left the Tombs.

OLD JONES. A rod of iron is about ten times as strong as hemp cord. A rope an inch in diameter will bear about two and a half tons; but in practice it is not safe to subject it to a strain of more than about one ton. Half an inch of rope will bear a strength will be one-quarter as much; a quarter of an inch, one-sixteenth as much, and so on.

JOSEF ZIEGLER. The best marble in the world is found at Carrara, in Italy, where the quarries are at least 450 quarries in full working order. The most valuable kind of marble, which is a pure white, is reserved for statuary; the gray marble is used for architectural purposes. There are 115 establishments, employing altogether 4,000 men, where the marble is cut and polished.

ARRRRA. Your letter betrays a fair proficiency in composition, etc., but you need to study the proper use of capitals.—A situation in a bank is regarded as a fine opening for a youth of quick intelligence and perfect integrity of character.

SIGNAL. Write to Scientific American or American Artisan, New York city. A good automatic railway signal will be a fortune, if it is properly patented; and if good, almost any inventor will be a fine royalty for its use. Beware of putting yourself in the hands of any "patent lawyer."

AN INQUIRY. We know of no institution such as you name. If one existed, it would be a blessing all the time.—The only way to learn a profession or trade is to obtain service as an apprentice or novice at the smallest wages for the first year. Pressmaking as a trade, is now a very unprofitable for women employers, but hard on the employees.

JACOB PARK DRIVER. The price paid by Bonner lately for the horse you name is not high. Flora Temple sold, when aged, for \$8,000, for a brood mare, \$30,000 was offered and refused for Tom Bowling last summer, \$30,000 was offered and refused for Bassett in his three-year-old form; \$35,000 was offered and refused for Baywood; \$40,000 was offered and refused for Woodford Mambrino, and \$30,000 for Thorndale.

AN ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER writes: "What would be a fitting gift from a gentleman to a young lady who is going to boarding-school? How should he choose? How should he address her? How is his writing?" A music binder, with her name upon it, or a handsome set of drawing or painting implements, if intended for a young lady, would be a very appropriate gift. Or you could present her with writing-desk, portfolio, gold pen, napkin-ring, table-mat, or any case, glove-box, etc. There are scores of pretty gifts that a young Miss would find very acceptable in such an occasion. Your correspondent would be governed entirely by the degree of intimacy between you. The simple use of the Christian name is a very pleasant and unobjectionable way of heading friendly letters.

GREENHORN, Oakland, Ill. If the wedding is in church, and the couple leave immediately on a tour, the bridegroom wears a traveling suit with gloves the same shade as those worn by the bride, and wears her costume. If the wedding is a parlor or reception affair, the bridegroom's gloves should be white if the bride wears white, or whatever color her gloves are. A white vest may be worn at any season of the year with a black dress suit. There is no necessity for either an engagement or wedding ring, but of the two the wedding ring is the preference. A bride scarcely cares to be married without a plain gold ring, as few married women appear without that neat little emblem of their wedlock.

KITTY LUCK, Hinsdale, writes: "Is it injurious to powder the hair? What recipe will effectually give a lady a clear complexion? What is a correct form for declining an invitation? Powdering the hair to the hair unless the scalp is thoroughly cleansed after its use. The most effectual recipe for clear complexion is to keep well washed with soap and baths, taken regularly, are wonderfully beautifying, but are luxuries only enjoyable to city ladies."

Miss Luck presents her remembrance to Carrie Graves, and regrets that she is compelled to decline his kind invitation for Thursday evening. Add residence and date at lower left hand corner.

LUCY MILLER. Very many avenues of life are now open to girls. It is by no means necessary that you should confine yourself to teaching. If you are a thorough linguist—can write French and German well—you ought to be able to get a fine position in some large mercantile house. Girls who attempt those languages at all should master them completely, and they will find them excellent stock in trade."

J. W. B. asks: "Do you consider an engagement so solemn a compact that it should not be broken under any circumstances? Or if there is a couple betrothed to each other, then there are reasons why they should withdraw from the engagement, have they a right to do so? An engagement is not a very solemn compact in this age and our country; but we think it should be regarded far more sacredly than it is. However, it is a sort of probation period, and it should settle beyond all doubts the future. If serious reasons should arise why the engagement should be broken, it is better to allow them force than to incur a lifetime of unhappiness."

ERICETRE, Wyndham. There is not the slightest impropriety in gentlemen, occupying places at the same table, addressing each other. But the acquaintance should be dropped immediately if it is the object of disfavor from either party. Any act of kindness or courtesy is always in place, and polite.

JOHN STONINGTON, Conn., writes: "A friend of mine, who held my note, has had it stolen from him. Does this release me from the payment?" Certainly not. An honorable debtor would not so carelessly ask such a question, knowing the note was due. A receipt stating the amount, date and character of the note releases you, if the thief should afterward present the stolen one. Legally, a note lost or stolen does not release the maker—he must pay it. A note stolen must be at once advertised and the payment stopped by the right holder, or the account must be paid to the thief, by the maker, ignorant of the fact of its being stolen, would release him from any second payment to the proper holder, who must then bear the loss.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

FATE.

BY FRANK DAVES.

Who is that I see approaching.
With such wondrous light and strength—
On my grounds with pride encroaching?
All in silence. But at length
Some one speaketh: "That is Minnie,
Wandering on earth a spell,
And he hath a devil in him,
And he is inviolable.
But a shade is coming on him,
But his heart is sick and faint.
Ah! the fate has come upon him,
Common to us, thief and saint."

Who is that in yonder shady,
Beauteous bower, weaving wreaths?
Ah! that is a Saxon lady,
Fairer woman never breathed,
Such a charm the roses lend her,
Such a wonder is her eye,
Such a storm of raven splendour
Is her hair that princes sigh.
But a shade is coming on her,
But her heart is sick and faint;
And the fate has come upon her,
Common to us, thief and saint."

Who is that among the flowers,
Star-eyed, angel-like, and small?
Careless of the lying hours—
Golden-winged, deceiving all,
Ah! that is an embryo woman,
Six years old she is, and she
Is so fair she seems not human,
But some sea nymph from the sea,
But a shade is coming on her,
But her heart is sick and faint;
And the fate has come upon her,
Common to us, thief and saint."

The Millville Parson.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

You might have hunted all through Millville and back again, big houses and little houses, and not have found a cooler, cosier, cleaner little nest than Miss Prudence Petticoord's low-roofed, yellow-walled cottage, which stood embowered among tall green trees just out on the edge of the village, away from the dust and noise of the public streets.

Though it was yet early all the morning work was done, the big kitchen as clean and sweet and shiny as a Fifth Avenue parlor, if not as grand. Miss Prudence herself, in a big green sun-bonnet, was sitting on the porch, shelling peas into a shining tin pan, and pretty Bettie Porter, Miss Prudence's orphan niece and adopted daughter, was rattling ripe currants, no redder than her own cheeks, in a big glass bowl.

The ladies were so absorbed in their work or their thoughts, that neither of them heard the click of the little green gate-latch, or the light, firm step which came up the well-swept walk, until a shadow darkened the porch-way, and a cheery voice said, "Good-morning, ladies."

"Land o' massy!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, with a start which almost upset her pan of peas, "if 'tain't the new parson! Come in, Brother Eldridge, we're glad to have you call if we hain't in company fixt. Come right in Bettie, open the parlor door."

"No, no!" objected the young minister as he shook hands, "let me sit down out here, it is so pleasant, and I shall not feel as if I was disturbing you."

"Hand a chair, then, Bettie, if Brother Eldridge will sit out here. 'Tis cooler, that's a fact. But then we don't suffer much from heat out here, no time."

"I can believe that," said the young parson, with a smile, and a bow to Bettie as he took the chair she offered. "And that is one reason, because you always look so cool and cosy out here, that I came this morning, Miss Petticoord. I wonder if you could guess my errand."

"I hain't no great hand at guessin'," said Miss Prudence, shaking her head. "I hope 'tain't nothin' very bad."

"It won't be bad for me, if I succeed," said Mr. Eldridge, with a frank smile, as warm as the first. "Truth is, Miss Prudence, I am hunting a home—a boarding place, and I came to see if I couldn't prevail on you and Miss Bettie here to take me in."

"Why—I don't know," said Miss Prudence, slowly, as if debating the point in her own mind.

"I am boarding just now at Brother Smith's," the parson observed; "but they are not conveniently situated to keep me permanently, having so little room."

"There's plenty of room out here, fur's that goes," said Miss Prudence, half-soliloquizing, half-addressing her visitor. "But we hain't been much used to havin' a man round at all, let alone a preacher."

"Preachers are very much like other men, I believe," said Mr. Eldridge. "For instance," he added, merrily, glancing at their work, "they like green peas and currant pies about as well as anybody else, and you know they always have a weakness for fried chickens."

"Oh, I guess we'd git along with the eatin' part," said Miss Prudence, laughing herself, "and on the whole I don't know of no reason why you shouldn't stay here as well as anywhere. 'Til show you the best room I could give you, and if you like it, why we'll settle the case to-morrow."

She rose, put aside her pan of peas, and led the way to a wide, cool, sunlit chamber, which overlooked the village from the front windows, and the garden and a green, fertile slope of country from the side ones.

He was delighted with it, and the prospect of quiet, uninterrupted study it offered, and so they soon concluded the arrangement, and the young minister returned to the village to superintend the removal of his worldly effects immediately.

"Humph!" observed Miss Prudence to Bettie as he departed, "I wonder he wants to git away from them Smiths! 'Taint only the room, but she hain't no kind of a cook, and I'd love to see the man that could write sermons among them seven noisy young ones!"

"He is very pleasant, but it almost frightens me to think of his being here all the time," said Bettie.

"Humph! I guess he won't hurt you! Now, child, you just tend to them currant pies, and I'll go put up some fresh curtains, and fix up his room a little. Mind you make the pies sweet enough. Men's always fond o' sweet things."

With which wise observation Miss Prudence went off to "fix up" the parson's room, already as neat as human hands could make it.

And pretty Bettie, her brown curls tucked up smoothly under her comb, the sleeves of her pink calico dress pinned above her dimpled elbows, plucked her shapely little hands into the snowy flour, and was soon deep in the mysteries of currant pies for the parson's dinner.

When it became known in Millville that the young parson had selected Miss Petticoord's quiet home for a boarding place, there was quite a commotion of tongues—feminine ones especially.

Miss Samantha Mills had supposed of course he would come to them, and had already be-

gun a set of mats for his room. Abby West was preparing to give up her own apartment to him, and all the mammas with marriageable daughters were very much surprised, and quite free with their comments.

"I suppose Betty Porter will be setting her cap for Mr. Eldridge now," remarked Samantha Mills to Ellen Lockman, Betty's intimate friend.

Ellen gave Samantha a flash from her black eyes, and answered, "No, she leaves that for those who are too homely to attract anybody without trying."

Abby West made a spiteful frown at Betty, too, but Ellen had too much good sense to worry her friend by repeating them, so pretty Betty pursued her quiet way unconsciously that she was the object of everybody's jealousy.

Miss Prudence perceived the discord, but she only gave a grim smile, and said not a word.

As for Betty, she was very shy of the young minister for the first few weeks, never speaking to him when she could avoid it. But there was a little cabinet organ in Miss Prudence's parlor, and Betty played very nicely. So Mr. Eldridge, being a great lover of music, began to drop into the parlor evenings to listen to her, and gradually they fell into a quiet friendship.

So quiet, however, that even Miss Samantha's lynx eyes failed to make any discoveries in her frequent calls. She was always calling to present some offering of her own fingers. And not only she, but a host of the other feminine members, with slippers, or handkerchiefs, or cuffs, or collars, or pincushions, or something, "just as if," Miss Prudence indignantly ejaculated, "the man had nothing in the world, nor sense enough to get anything."

At last it rained one Sunday evening, and Mr. Eldridge took Betty Porter home under his umbrella.

And the next morning the commotion broke out! Early to Miss Petticoord's came Miss Samantha, armed with her usual offering, a pair of slippers this time. And as Mr. Eldridge was not at home, she left them to Miss Prudence to deliver, and betook herself to Betty's parlor.

Betty was practicing a new song, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

"Ah, new music! Where did you get it?" questioned Miss Samantha.

"Mr. Eldridge gave it to me," answered Betty, meekly.

"Ah, did he? I hear he walked home with you last night," pursued Miss Samantha.

"It was raining, you know, and we live at the same place," explained Betty.

And Miss Prudence, coming in, sat down grimly and said nothing.

"Yes, that accounts for it," admitted Miss Samantha. "I hope, Betty, as you are young and inexperienced, you won't allow yourself to be led away by any polite attentions Mr. Eldridge may show you. The church do think that it would be much better for our minister if he was a married man."

"I think so, too—for him," interrupted Miss Prudence, significantly.

"We all do," said Miss Samantha, impressively. "Pa told me this morning that the deacons intend to call on him this afternoon, and advise it. But of course they expect his choice will be some sensible, attractive person, suitable for a minister's wife."

"That rules all old maids like you and me out," suggested Miss Prudence.

Miss Samantha colored, but she knew Miss Petticoord too well to attempt a passage at arms with her, so she only tossed her head as she rose to go, and remarked: "She presumed Brother Eldridge would make his own selection."

"I presume he will, if he makes any," was Miss Prudence's dry response.

After Miss Mills was gone and Mr. Eldridge had returned home, Miss Petticoord took the slippers and went to his room.

"There!" she cried, flinging them on his table, "there's another pair! They must think you have as many feet as a thousand-legged worm! There's the pair with beads on 'em, and the pair worked with green snakes, and a pair last week with red dogs worked on 'em, and another with blue parrots on, and here's another with yaller cats on! If they'd throw in a few pairs of boots, you might set up a shop. Bah!"

The young minister threw back his head, and laughed long and loud.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," persisted Miss Prudence. "I've had a visitation this morning, and you're going to have one this afternoon."

"I met Deacon Mills as I came up, and he intimated as much to me. I wonder what's in the wind?" asked Mr. Eldridge.

"I can tell you. They want you to marry."

"Oh, they do! Well, it might be a good thing."

"You see, you committed a crowning sin last night, because you took Betty under your umbrella out of the rain."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, Miss Prudence, we'll just let the good deacons come."

"I shan't prevent 'em!" declared Miss Prudence, as she marched down stairs to get her dinner.

In due season the deacons came, and were in council with the minister a long time.

When they were gone Mr. Eldridge walked down into Miss Prudence's little sitting-room and seated himself on the edge of the big table where she was at work.

"I've had my visitation," said he.

"Well, you've lived through it, I see," observed Miss Prudence.

"Oh yes! But they are bound to marry me, out of hand."

"Well?" observed Miss Prudence, again.

"I told them I had been thinking of that matter for some time."

"Well?" observed Miss Prudence, a third time.

"And I told them when my choice was made I would let them know. But I should require my own time to consider."

"Did they suggest anybody?" asked Miss Prudence, at last.

Mr. Eldridge laughed. "Oh, that would be telling!" he said. "But, Miss Prudence, if I ever do marry my choice has been made this long time. Will you give her to me?"

"Me?" asked Miss Prudence, laying down her work.

"Yes, you. Will you give me Betty?"

Miss Prudence looked keenly into his face.

"Harry Eldridge, do you know just what—just all you are asking?"

"Yes, Aunt Prudence, if I may say so; I think, in all earnestness, I do. I have loved Betty a long time. May I have her?"

"Have you spoken to her?"

"Not a word, as yet."

"Well, she's in the parlor. Go see what she says about it, and then come back to me."

The young minister obeyed. What Betty said will appear in the development of the story.

It had been the custom in Millville, when a new minister was settled, to invite the deacons and their families to take tea with him,

and all the church members for the evening, as a sort of "home-coming."

Miss Prudence, for reasons of her own, had not yet followed this custom, though she knew not a few remarks had been made regarding the omission.

No one was surprised therefore, when, a few weeks after the "visitation" of the deacons, it was given out from the pulpit one Sunday morning that on Wednesday evening Miss Prudence Petticoord would expect all the deacons and their families to take tea at her house, and that all other members and friends were cordially invited to come in and spend the evening.

Great preparations were made, and before Wednesday, word somehow dropped round that Mr. Eldridge expected a college friend from a distant town to visit him, and that he would be at the "preacher's party."

Two young ministers formed an unusual attraction for Millville, and all the young ladies did their best to be as killing as possible.

Samantha Mills and Abby West, being deacons' daughters, of course went to tea.

As they went in they met Ellen Lockman going upstairs with a large bundle pinned up in paper.

"What, you here now?" asked Samantha.

"Yes," came to help Betty and Miss Prudence get supper," returned Ellen, shortly, for Miss Mills was not a favorite with her.

She went her way, and the ladies taking off their things in another upper room, saw her put her bundle in Betty's room, and hasten downstairs again.

"Let's peep in and see what she had," suggested Abby West, and the two slyly opened the door of Betty's room. Ellen's bundle lay on the bed, but beside it was a new, snow-white dress, spread daintily over the white coverlet.

"Oh, my! Betty's got a new white dress!" said Miss Mills, lifting the folds to look closer.

"Yes! and she thinks she'll come out in it next Sunday and surprise us all. Isn't that pretty nice?" I didn't know Miss Prudence could afford to dress her so fine!" commented Abby.

"Let's see what is in Ellen's bundle," said Miss Mills, beginning to busy her fingers with the pins. But just then footsteps were heard on the stairs, and they beat a hasty retreat.

And when, half an hour later, they found another opportunity to slip upstairs and satisfy their curiosity, the door of Betty's room was locked, fast and tight.

Of Miss Prudence's supper we have not time to tell, but it was a grand success in the culinary line. The young minister and his friend, Mr. Morris, were the centers of attraction. After supper a goodly number began to gather in, and quite a lively party was soon in progress.

After a while some music was called for, and Betty was wanted to play. But Betty was nowhere to be found. Neither was Ellen Lockman. Neither was the young minister, nor Miss Prudence.

Somebody else began to play, however, and but little curiosity had been excited, when Miss Prudence came in. She crossed the room and said a few words to Mr. Eldridge's friend, Mr. Morris, and then seated herself.

Mr. Morris rose and addressed the company: "Ladies and gentlemen—you have gathered this evening to witness an interesting ceremony, which, with your permission, will now proceed."

He stepped forward to the center of the room as he spoke, and lo! at the parlor door entered Betty, in the identical white dress, leaning upon the arm of the young minister, followed by Ellen Lockman, in another dress almost exactly like Betty's, leaning on Mark Frazer's arm.

The young couple advanced in front of Mr. Morris, Mark and Ellen ranging themselves as attendants, and in a moment more the astonished company realized that the young parson had taken the deacons' advice, and was about to be married.

Miss Samantha turned pale as death, and Miss Abby West was as red as a beet. But Miss Prudence looked around, grimly triumphant. And no one, looking in the daisy-face of the pretty bride, could doubt that the Millville parson made a wise choice.

DEADLY-EYE,

The Unknown Scout:

OR,
THE BRANDED BROTHERHOOD.BY BUFFALO BILL,
THE CELEBRATED SCOUT, GUIDE, AND HUNTER—
AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE WITH THE BROTHERHOOD.

DASHING rapidly on, under the guidance of the Unknown Scout, the squadron of cavalry, after a ride of ten miles, struck the trail where Ricardo and his men had turned back in their chase after the two fugitives.

After carefully examining the traces, Deadly-Eye reported the outlaws about thirty strong, and with a cheer the troopers dashed on, until the Unknown Scout suddenly drew rein, where a larger trail was visible.

Here is an ever trail of fully a hundred horsemen, and they have followed on after Ricardo. Ah! I have it, they are the band of Dog Soldier Sioux under the desperado Red Dick. General, can I offer some advice?"

"Assuredly, Scout. Our success in this affair depends upon you."

"Well, sir, I would say dispatch half a dozen men at once back to the fort for another squadron of horse, so that we can be able to manage both of these bands, and follow Ricardo to his retreat."

"Good! We'll make a ten-strike of him this time, and it will be a feather in our cap to rid the country of such a desperate renegade. Lieutenant Ainslie, take four men with you, return to the fort, and tell Captain Cassidy to come on at utmost speed with his company, and see also that you bring fresh horses and rations."

Away darted the lieutenant, while a halt was called, and the horses were allowed to rest, but the Unknown Scout determined to push on at once, alone, and reconnoiter; so, telling the general he would return if he discovered the exact whereabouts of the enemy, he rode away, and soon disappeared behind a roll in the prairie.

For a few miles Deadly-Eye continued on, Prairie Gull creeping up steadily, in a sweeping and untiring gallop; then he suddenly drew rein, for the distant crack of a rifle broke on his ear.

Cautiously advancing, Deadly-Eye soon reached a roll of the prairie higher than ordinary, and, knowing that he could obtain an extensive view from its summit, he dismounted, and leaving Prairie Gull to await him, he advanced until he could see for miles before him.

Then, quite to his surprise, he beheld a small timber-island, and around it, just out of rifle range, were fully two hundred Indians.

Taking a small field-glass from his pocket, he soon discovered that the timber hid a number of horsemen, who had taken refuge there from their Indian foes.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, as he turned his glass upon the Indian besieging-party. "Aha! Ricardo; you are in a trap, and Red Dick holds the winning hand. Well, so much the better for the troops. Ah! Ricardo, your days are numbered now, and mine must be the hand to tear from you your worthless life."

After a longer examination of the motte and the surrounding band, the Scout returned to his horse, mounted and rode rapidly back, arriving at the cavalry encampment just as Captain Cassidy and Lieutenant Ainslie arrived with about sixty more men.

Reporting his discovery to the general, Deadly-Eye continued:

"And now, sir, I think as soon as the horses are a little rested we had better push on. You have a hundred fighting men now, and we can defeat the two forces combined."

"You do not think that the two men, now enemies, will join against us, do you, Scout?"

"I do, general; the necks of both men are in the hangman's noose, and, knowing that they cannot singly meet your force, they will join their thieving bands and make common war upon you."

"Well, we will give them a supper of cold lead and steel by dark. Come, gentlemen, we must be on the move."

On swept the cavalcade over the prairie, and when the sun was low in the horizon they came up to the higher roll of the prairie, where a short halt was ordered.

"They are at it, hot and fast," said the Scout, as the sound of rapid firing reached their ears.

"Now, general, let me suggest that you divide the troops into three parties, you leading the center with about forty men, Captain La Clyde taking the right with twenty-five men, and about a mile distant from Captain La Clyde. With your permission I will then take the remaining half-dozen troopers and the three hunters, and making a circuit of four miles will come out upon the prairie at a point far to your right, and at once advance toward the motte. When the Indians catch sight of me they will at once send out a larger force to fight me, and then you had better charge with your three squadrons."

"Splendidly planned, Scout; you should have entered the army!" cried the general, and he at once gave the necessary orders, and in ten minutes more, with the roll of the prairie still hiding them, the four parties were taking up their respective positions.

From their points of view the officers then saw Deadly-Eye suddenly emerge upon the prairie. At once his presence created an excitement in the Indian besieging ranks.

But boldly on rode the little band of a dozen men, and as Deadly-Eye had said, out rode a party to meet and give them battle, while their main attack upon the motte did not cease in vigor.

Rapidly the two parties approached each other—the Indians surprised at the boldness of the little band. Then broke forth across the prairie the wild and thrilling war-cry of the Unknown Scout, and over the roll of land, from three different points, bounded the cavalry squadrons, their regular cheers striking terror to the dusky besiegers of the motte.

Instantly there was a cessation of hostilities between the Indians and Branded Brotherhood, and out from the motte bounded the iron-gray of the outlaw chief, his master upon his back, and, waving a white handkerchief, he approached a central point from whence another horseman emerged to meet him.

Presently the two met upon the plain; the parley between them was excited and brief, and Ricardo returned to his motte, and Red Dick to his Indians, who at once broke in wild confusion and made for the motte.

"It is as I thought; they have joined forces," cried the Scout, and raising his voice to its highest pitch he sent it across the prairie in one of his terrible war-cries.

"Ride men, ride! Press them into their den! Press them home and the game is ours!"

A cheer answered the Scout's words, and, driving their spurs into their horses, the troopers bounded on in hot pursuit, closing up upon their foes in deadly earnest.

At length the band of Indians, under Red Dick, reached the motte, and rallying around the nearest trees, turned to fire upon the advancing cavalry, the stern voice of Ricardo giving forth his orders in a cool and decided manner.

But the Scout gave them no time to form a solid line, for ahead of the other three squadrons he dashed on with his little band right into the timber, and instantly a hot firing was heard.

Almost immediately after, the squadron of Percy La Clyde struck the timber, then followed the general and Captain Cassidy and their troopers.

Attacked thus from four points, and without time to rally, the Indians broke and fled, in spite of the cries of Red Dick and Ricardo, who were determined to sell their lives dearly.

Through the motte like a fiery torrent swept the Unknown Scout and his band, crushing down many an Indian brave, and driving a mass of Indians pell-mell before his impetuous advance.

On, on, right for the spot where Ricardo coolly sat his horse, Red Dick, Long Dave, and Red Burke upon either hand, and his disciplined outlaws around him, determined to do or die.

"Here, accursed hound, you are my game," yelled the Unknown Scout, firing his revolvers right and left, and dropping a foe at every shot, as he urged his horse on toward Ricardo.

But, though the Indians had broken upon every hand, and were flying madly through the timber, shot and out ruthlessly down by the changing troopers, the brave band of the Branded Brotherhood still stood as firm as a rock, and met the attack with iron nerve.

Suddenly a tall trooper fell from his horse by the side of Deadly-Eye, and instantly his saber was seized by the Scout, who, with a series of wild war-cries, still pressed on toward Ricardo.

But, ere he reached the chief, Red Dick spurred forward to meet him, crying in his hoarse tones:

"Now, you cursed Scout, your time has come."

"You lie, Red Dick, you lie!" fairly shrieked Deadly-Eye, and with one mighty sweep of his saber he cut down through the neck and breast of the burly ruffian, crying:

"Take my second mark, Red Dick, though it cheats the gallows of its due."

Quickly supporting the band of the Scout came Percy La Clyde and his troopers, and, the moment after, up dashed General Canton and half a dozen men, he having dispatched the remainder of his squadron, under Lieutenant Ainslie, and Captain Cassidy and his dragoons, in pursuit of the flying Indians.

The reinforcements, thus received by Deadly-Eye, caused the Branded Brotherhood to be outnumbered, and slowly they began to give ground.

Then, as if maddened because he could not break their ranks, Deadly-Eye bounded forward once more, and his saber having been broken by coming in contact with the rifle of Long Dave, he drew his keen knife, and with desperate thrusts of his cruel spurs, forced Prairie Gull forward until he faced Ricardo.

"Now, Captain Carleton, it is your life or mine!"

"In Satan's name, who are you that knows me?" cried the outlaw chief, his face turning ghastly pale, as he reined back his iron gray mare upon her haunches.

"I am one who has tracked you for years. I am the son of Nellie Carleton!" almost shrieked the Scout.

"Great God!"

As the outlaw chief uttered the cry, his reins fell from his nerveless hand, and his mare would have bounded away, had not Deadly-Eye seized the bridle and hurled her back with cruel force, while, spurring still nearer to his enemy, he raised his glittering knife and drove it deep into the bosom of the man whose life he had sworn to take.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Unknown Scout, as, with a smothered cry, the chief fell to the ground. Bounding over the prostrate form the next instant Deadly-Eye seized Red Burke in his powerful arms, and dragged him from the saddle.

"Here, La Clyde, this fellow shall not cheat the gallows," he cried, and two troopers instantly seized the ruffian, while the remainder of the outlaws broke in wild confusion, and darted away to seek safety in flight.

But avenging foes were upon their track, and ere darkness settled upon the scene, many had fallen beneath the pistols and sabers of the troopers.

At length night came on, and the sounds of suffering were heard in the motte, for around a large camp-fire the troopers had placed the wounded.

At another fire, near by, stood General Canton and his officers, discussing the battle, and wondering at the absence of Deadly-Eye, who, when last seen, was in hot pursuit of the flying renegades.

But the night crept on, midnight rolled around, and yet the Unknown Scout came not, and anxious fears filled the hearts of all regarding his safety.

CHAPTER XIII.

ther officer stationed in the same fort with him.

"Dismissing her, for he cared not for the young girl, his crime was found out, and the almost heart-broken father sought revenge for the disgrace upon his child, and was slain in a duel at the hands of the man who had already brought untold sorrow upon him.

"Dismissed from the service, Ricardo Carleton then leagued himself with robbers, roaming over the western and south-western plains for years, until at length he became the leader of the Branded Brotherhood. Have I truly told you life, Ricardo?"

"You know all," sadly replied the chief, and then he continued: "What became of my brother, and his child, for it was stolen from the person I left it with?"

"After several years your almost broken-hearted brother married a young girl who had nursed him through the long illness that followed his discovery of the death of his wife; and, convinced in his own mind that you had done the foul deed, though he would not betray you, he took the maiden name of his wife, which was that of Carter, and moved still further into the western wilds, until a few years ago he settled not very far from here; and Alfred Carter, the man whom you slew, whose second wife you murdered, whose son fell by your hand, and whose daughter you carried in captivity to your stronghold, intending to make her your victim, was your brother, your own kindred."

"Oh, God! what a judgment has overtaken me!"

"I rescued Rose Carter from your power, and I have brought upon you your ruin."

"Who are you, friend of Satan, who are you?" almost shrieked the chief.

"I will tell you. You carried me, for I was the little son of your brother, to one whom you deemed your friend. At that time the man was your very slave, but, in a fit of anger, you one day struck him, and kicked from your path his little child, and he hated you, for that kick proved fatal. From that day I was trained up to know and hate you too, until my kind benefactor and his wife, for they were kind, notwithstanding the evil lives they led as your agents for the sale of stolen goods, moved to the East, to live on the money they had accumulated."

"In an eastern State I lived until my eighteenth year, receiving the best education that money could bestow, and then my adopted parents lost their lives in a collision upon a railroad, and I was left alone, with a few thousand dollars they still had left."

"From papers in the possession of your enemy, I found out all I need know, and westward I came, and devoted my life to becoming a thorough scout and plainsman, and that I succeeded you can well judge."

"Determined to track you to the bitter end, and slay you for the murder of my mother, I followed you across the prairies by day and night, to, in the end, find that you had become the slayer of my father, my stepmother and brother, and had dragged my half-sister to your den to bring dishonor upon her."

"Nay, Ricardo Carleton, I have more to say, for I would have you know that the young girl whom you brought ruin upon, and whose father you slew, went forth in the world with her babe, and ere many years became the wife of a horrid brute—one whom this night I sent to his long account, and who once before I marked, when years ago he attacked me for interfering when he was beating that poor, lonely woman."

"He had settled himself not far from Kansas City, and one night I stopped at his cabin, and then it was, in a fit of anger, he struck the woman whose life you had wrecked."

"Infuriated with my interference, he, the next day, killed the sorrowing woman, and fled to these wilds, to soon become known as a desperado and renegade from his people, the leader of a band of thieving, murdering Dog Soldiers Sioux."

"The son, whose life you dishonored, was cast upon the world, and living at one time among the Indians, at another in the cities, earning at all times a precarious living, he grew to manhood, a fit heir to his father's crimes, for only this night, from your negro servant, who from boyhood to manhood has followed you, and participated in many of your evil deeds, did I find out really who that son was, although a suspicion of the truth has of late flashed over me; and now hear me, Ricardo Carleton. As I tracked you to death so will I hunt down your son, for he has committed against one whom I love a deadly sin, one who took care of me when wounded and sick, I laid for weeks in an Indian wigwam."

"Without another word the Scout arose and walked away from the camp-fire, and only the groans of the chief broke the silence; but, whether most from pain of body or mind none knew, for he never spoke again, and with his head supported in the arms of the negro Buttermilk, who had so faithfully followed his master's evil fortunes, his breath grew shorter and more labored, until, with a curse half-uttered upon his lips, Ricardo, the chief of the Branded Brotherhood, was dead."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

THOUGHTS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.—It is but one step from companionship to slavery, when one associates with vice.

Active natures are rarely melancholy. Activity and melancholy are incompatible.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

To feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose.

Whatever rouses the moral nature, whether it be danger or suffering, or the approach of death, banishes unbelief in a moment.

The height of earthly promotion and glory lifts us up no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lowly vale of humiliation and sorrow.

"Mary," said a preacher, addressing a colored convert, "is not the love of God wonderful?" She replied: "I do not think it is so wonderful, because it is just like him."

Grace is glory militant and glory is grace triumphant; grace is glory begun, glory is grace made perfect; grace is the first degree of glory, glory is the highest degree of grace.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

True science, which is the knowledge of facts, and true philosophy, which is the knowledge of principles, are always allied to true religion, which is the harmony of the soul with facts and principles.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth abundant harvest.

OLIO.

BY HAP HAZARD.

How full of music must they be
Who first see light in Italy!
A younger son of royalty
Has traveled far, by land and sea,
To lay his sweet gratuity
Down at the feet of you and me,
Appreciative since we be
Of those soft strains of melody
That issue from the box that he,
Upon his back, so jauntily,
From house to house, o'er hill and lea,
Delights to bear, that great and wee
May feast their souls in ecstasy
On dulcet floods (in any key)
Of strange, celestial harmony!
And this—ah! this, as air, is free!
The simple privilege craves he—
Without a price, without a fee—
To plume his fancy's wings and flee
Up in the blue impetuosity!

Ah! son of old royalty,
If I was sure that none would see,
For thy sweet strains, right cordially
I'd like to shy a stone at thee!

The starting tear, oh! why compare
To diamond or to pearl!

'Tis brighter far—'tis purer far—
Than tawdry gems, sweet girl!

The small, dear, were nearer true,
Were 't likened to a drop of dew!

Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.
AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

DILIGENT inquiry convinced both the lawyers that the claims advanced by Richard Lumley were but too well founded. They were waited on by his attorneys, Seth Blake & Co., with unquestionable proofs of his identity, and of his relationship to the deceased. Letters in her handwriting were produced. The history of Claude Hamilton was also proven; that he was only the adopted son of Mrs. Hamilton, and therefore of no kin to Mrs. Stanley. The law allowed him none of her property unless it were bequeathed to him; and no will was forthcoming. The one drawn up by Sherman they were obliged to believe consumed with the rest of Mr. Hall's papers at the time of the fire. That which Mr. Reynolds had prepared, and had seen executed, Mrs. Stanley must have destroyed with her own hands, after reflection.

The lawyer obeyed her strict injunction not to disclose his provisions; he only said it was not in her nephew's favor, and might have done him little good. No doubt she had destroyed it for his sake, and wished it forgotten.

Hamilton felt the blow severely; for he had loved his aunt, and believed himself the first object in her affections. To find that he had no claims of kindred blood, and that the latest will had in fact disinherited him, after her many assurances that he should be her heir, sorely wrung his heart. He had depended on her promises, and had taken no care of his future. Now he must gird on his armor to fight the battle of life. He subdued all useless regrets, in the endeavor to do it manfully. Richard Lumley, meanwhile, had taken possession of the house. His lawyers had not yet settled the preliminaries to his taking out letters of administration. But there was no one to dispute his rights. He established himself in the best bedchamber; that in which his sister had died; and filled the rooms he occupied with the odors of tobacco and bad whisky. His low associates came every evening to eat and play at cards with him; and coarse guffaws of laughter, and drunken yells, were heard instead of the music that had once awakened the echoes. The servants were disgusted, and one and all, resolute to leave the house; but Sherman requested them to stay till matters were decided.

One morning the lawyer was seated in the private room, in the rear of his office, when one of his clerks informed him a lady requested an interview.

"A lady?"

"Yes, sir; a young lady; at least I judge so from her figure and voice. She came in a carriage, with a coachman in livery."

"You may show her in here," said Sherman—who happened to be in the room.

A tall, slight figure, closely veiled, entered, and took the seat placed for her accommodation. There was silence for a moment.

The lawyer began, politely, to inquire her business, by asking what he could do for her. She threw back her veil and loosened the cloak that covered her black dress.

"Miss Weston! is it possible? I am happy to see you! I have been really anxious about you!"

He took both her hands, and looked into her wan, sad face.

"You have been ill!" he exclaimed. "I heard that you had gone to stay with a friend; but I had not heard of your illness."

"Mr. Sherman," the girl began, in the cold, calm tones to which she had schooled herself, "I have come here to make a confession."

"A confession! What can you have to confess, my poor child?"

Olivia rose to her feet. She was trembling, but she steadied herself by grasping the arms of the chair. The words rushed from her lips almost without her consciousness.

"Mr. Sherman, I am the guilty one! I destroyed Mrs. Stanley's will!"

It was the lawyer's turn to start up.

"Bless my soul! What is it you are saying?"

"I burned the will!"

"You?"

"Mrs. Stanley made me promise, before her death, to burn some California letters in a secret drawer of her cabinet. She gave me full directions, and put the keys in my hand. I promised her to destroy them before any one else could see them; I did it the night before the funeral."

"And you found her will, and burned it by mistake with the other papers! It was a terrible pity!"

"There was no mistake! The will was burnt first!"

"Do you mean to say you found the will, and deliberately destroyed it?"

"I did! I found first a letter addressed to myself, explaining her reasons for such a will. Then I looked for the will; I took it out of the drawer; I read it through!"

"You read it?"

"I read it carefully. It was the latest will. Mrs. Stanley had left everything to me; to me, except an annuity to Mr. Hamilton of five hundred dollars."

"Left everything to you!" repeated the astounded lawyer.

"Everything! She gave her reasons in the letter she had written to me."

"And then you—"

"The will was exactly as she had said it would be in her letter. I did not want her property; I would not receive it! I thought—I was sure—I had heard you say so—that Mr. Hamilton would inherit all if there were no will. I ran to the fire and threw the paper on it; I saw it burn to ashes!"

Mr. Sherman took to his habit in perplexity, of pacing the room.

"Then, as you know, I heard what that rough man said—that Mr. Hamilton was not the nephew—that he would inherit nothing! I ruined him! meaning to do him service! I deprived him even of the small annuity left to him! I want no pardon, sir, nor excuse, nor indulgence for what I did. I only want to know if I can do anything—even to the sacrifice of my life—to repair that cruel wrong!"

She wrung her hands piteously. Her eyes were fixed imploringly on her auditor.

"Bless my soul! I don't know—Stay! have you the letter of Mrs. Stanley—the letter addressed to yourself?"

"No; I burned that letter first of all."

"The lawyer suppressed the imprecation that rose to his lips.

"But—but you read the will? You remember its contents?"

"There was a bequest of five hundred dollars to her nephew—Claude Hamilton."

"Are you sure she called him her nephew?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Any other small bequests?"

"None that I recollect. The rest of her property was bequeathed to me."

"With what purpose, or conditions?"

"None were named; none whatever."

"Stay; what were the reasons she gave you privately in her letter?"

Olivia looked down, and a flush rose to her face.

"I would rather not say, sir, what was in that letter."

Sherman stopped short, facing her.

"Who were the witnesses to that will?"

"I did not notice, sir. It had been witnessed, and was under seal."

"Who was appointed executor?"

"I did not observe."

"Do you know the name of the lawyer who drew it up?"

"I do not, sir. I never knew."

The lawyer fixed his eyes sternly on the young lady's face.

"You will pardon me, Miss Weston, if I cannot credit so improbable a tale. You are not candid with me."

"How so, sir? I have spoken the simple truth; alas, to my shame and sorrow!"

"You refuse to reveal the contents of Mrs. Stanley's letter to yourself?"

It was a private letter, meant for my eyes only, but I ought to tell what it contained?"

"Certainly you are; if it threw light on the testator's intentions."

"Then you shall know all, sir. Mrs. Stanley had wished that I should marry her nephew. She said in the letter that there was no obstacle except my pride; that I would not marry one so much wealthier than myself. She was determined to remove that difficulty by making me rich."

It cost the girl pain to make this disclosure. She was surprised to see the sneer of incredulity on the lawyer's face.

"I cannot credit this statement," he said, after a pause. "Do you know, Miss Weston, that in destroying a will, you have been guilty of a criminal act; have placed yourself in a position of danger?"

Olivia's looks were assent enough. Again she sunk into the chair, and hid her face in her spread hands.

"If you really burned a will, I believe it to have been that drawn out by myself, which was entirely in Mr. Hamilton's favor."

Olivia lifted up her face.

"What motive could I have had in destroying a will made in his favor?"

"I cannot tell. But what you tell me of Mrs. Stanley's letter is too absurd; it is utterly incredible."

"Then, sir, you believe me capable of having committed a crime to the injury of another, without any motive?"

"You say you wished to make Mr. Hamilton the heir! It was in your power to have restored his inheritance."

"But he would not have accepted it as a gift from me."

"Perhaps not. It is a pity, however, you did not give him the chance. You have misled matters terribly as it is; and it is my impression that you destroyed the will that would have made him the master of all, according to Mrs. Stanley's intention."

Pale as death, but with the fire of indignation in her eyes, Olivia rose, and drew the cloak around her shoulders. As she moved toward the door, she turned for a last word to the lawyer.

"I have not deserved your cruel aspersions, sir," she said. "I have told you the simple truth. My rash act was for the good of Mr. Hamilton, and that I have injured him is my bitter punishment; how bitter, you can never know! I came to ask you if there were means of reparation. I am willing to go to prison, if that will undo the mischief. There is my address, laying down a card. If necessary, I will go into a court of justice, and swear to the truth of what I have said, and suffer the punishment."

She passed from the room, after lingering a moment for Mr. Sherman's reply. But he only bowed coldly in farewell. As the door closed behind her he resumed his walk through the room, plunged in a profound fit of musing.

An hour later young Hamilton came in. Orders had been given for his admission whenever he might come. He looked cheerful, notwithstanding the dark prospect.

Sherman told him what had passed and his own grave doubts.

The young man started up in astonishment.

He put down at once all question of the perfect truthfulness of the young lady. He described the scene at the bedside of his benefactress, when she had so strongly manifested her desire for a union between them.

"It was just like my dear aunt," he cried, "to resort to that romantic method of bringing us together. And it was like Miss Weston's chivalrous delicacy to destroy a will that put her in possession of my rights."

"Then you entirely believe Miss Weston's statement?" asked the lawyer.

"I would pledge my life on her truth in anything she might say."

"And what do you suppose her real motive for the rash act?"

"Just what she said; her unwillingness to avail herself of my aunt's mode of enforcing her wishes. She would not accept a fortune on such implied conditions; she would not bestow her hand where her heart was not given; she would not wrong me by compelling me to receive from her bounty what was my right—at least I had been taught to think so."

"Then you do not believe Miss Weston would have willingly married you?"

"I do not," replied the young man after a pause, and looking down.

"Now it occurs to me, that the impulsive act, the girl's burning a will that gave her a fortune, and made her mistress of her destiny, could have been prompted only by a romantic love for you."

Claude's face was suddenly irradiated.

"You think so?"

"I feel sure of it. It is just what young ladies do in tales of romance."

"But hardly in real life. No, I can not flatter myself that she ever cared for me."

"By her own account the thing was done under sudden impulse. After reading the will she ran and threw it in the fire."

"In her generous eagerness to free me and free herself from an obligation. She little knew me to deem it necessary."

"Would you not have proposed to marry her?"

"To recover my fortune! Most assuredly not. If I loved a woman to desperation I would never become her suitor while such a contingency existed."

"Then you are as foolish as herself. Well, we must take a business view of the matter and see what we can do to remedy the difficulty."

"To remedy it! How can we do that?"

"Reynolds may have drawn up the will destroyed. If he did he will know the witnesses, and we may establish its contents yet."

"And its authority?"

"If the court so decides."

"And will it be necessary for Miss Weston to appear and bear testimony?"

"Certainly; we must prove how it is that the document is not forthcoming."

"I will not consent to that. I would rather suffer the loss."

"It is not a matter for your decision, my young friend. In fact, you have nothing to do with it. As the lawyers and advisers of the late Mrs. Stanley, trusted by her to fulfill her last wishes, it is our duty to prove them, and abide by them. If the court establishes the will, the fortune, remember, will not belong to you."

"That is true."

"And the alternative is the enjoyment of it by that scamp and ex-convict. Do you know he has taken full possession?"

"I suppose so."

"He sent the servant out for brandy the other night and I met him. He gave me a doleful account of the state of things. Lumley and his associates make the house a perpetual scene of beastly revelry, drinking and gambling every evening till half the night is over. The servants have all given warning."

"He has not yet taken out letters of administration?"

"No; but that makes no difference. There is no one to dispute his lordship. He'll make ducks and drakes of the money—as they say in my country—before the year's at an end. We must act promptly if we hope to dispossess him."

"I hope you will do so, with all my heart. The property will then go intact to Miss Weston."

"Five hundred dollars a year were left to you, my boy."

"That was kind considering I had no claim of kindred blood."

"And you will have the whole, if I understood the young lady aright."

"Never, sir. I would not accept it as her gift, and I would not sue for the hand of a princess for the dowry she would bring me."

"Between you both, with your chivalrous notions, you may balk your aunt's intentions. She undoubtedly meant the result to be a union between you."

"She took the way to defeat it, had there been any chance before, of such a result."

"Well, my duty is plain. I must take steps at once and see Reynolds about it."

The two parted, Hamilton by no means in a happy frame of mind.

CHAPTER X.

RETURNING TO SOCIAL LIFE.

THE suit was commenced. With the testimony of Reynolds and the witnesses, as to the contents of the will, and that of Miss Weston, accounting for its destruction, the lawyers hoped to procure its establishment by the court.

Richard Lumley made a furious outbreak when notice was served upon him. The idea that any one should dare dispute his rights enraged him beyond expression, and he had reasons to dread the investigations into his past, which might be deemed necessary by the court. His counsel assured him, however, that no inquiry would be made into his antecedents. That question was not to be entered into.

The sole thing to be decided was whether or not the will destroyed was the last will and testament of the late Mrs. Stanley, and as such, would undoubtedly prove of its contents reestablish it in its legal authority? If so, then Lumley's claims were set aside; but Seth Blake and Company had several difficulties to throw in the way, and during "the law's delay" in settling the matter Lumley remained in undisputed possession.

Olivia went into court when summoned as a witness, with the firm spirit of a martyr. She was prepared to suffer any of the consequences of her rash deed, by which she had ruined the future of him she had striven to benefit. She would go to prison, she would plead guilty to an indictment, she would wear out her life in expiating her fault, if she only might undo the mischief.

Ruhama declared her intention of going with her, and standing by her during the trial. In vain Olivia implored that she would not; she might be compromised by her friend's ship for a self-confessed criminal. Even the prudent Emily St. Clare advised her not to go on the score of offending her husband; but she would listen to no remonstrance.

"My husband has left me to my own discretion," she would say, "and if he were here I should expect of a soldier and a gentleman that he would stand by a friendless girl, who has committed no fault, except being too generous and self-forgetful."

So the two ladies entered the court-room together, Tom Wyatt walking on the other side of Olivia, who declined taking his arm.

The brilliant Mrs. Marsh was greeted with a buzz of admiration. She wore a black velvet mantle, richly trimmed with guipure lace and bead work, a black velvet hat and drooping plume, a rich collar, fastened with a large ruby brooch, and lavender kid gloves.

Olivia was in deep mourning. When she was called to the stand, and threw aside her crape veil, Ruhama also threw back the spotted thread lace one that had covered her face. Her rich color, her rippling waves of dark hair, her midnight eyes scintillating fire, and fastened upon the face of her friend, formed a contrast to the pale and worn, yet inexpressibly sweet face of the witness. Their manner, too, was in contrast. Mrs. Marsh

was anxious and restless, Olivia was dignified and composed. She had nerved herself to the worst, yet never had she appeared so much advantage as when thus prepared and resolved to criminate herself.

Her story was simply told and made a profound impression upon all present. When required to repeat the words of Mrs. Stanley urging a marriage between the son of her adoption and the young girl who had won her heart, her emotion was repressed with difficulty. The blood rushed to her face, and her lips quivered sadly; but she maintained her calmness, and did not hesitate in her answers. The recital of the contents of the private letter from her benefactress to herself was another trying part of her testimony; but she went heroically through it all.

When she came to the burning of the will, the generous motive for which had been made apparent, the murmur of admiration would have burst into enthusiastic applause, had not the presiding judge firmly and promptly restrained its outbreak.

When her testimony was given the court adjourned; and Olivia was led out between her friends. Mr. Reynolds came to shake hands with her, and congratulate her on the weight and power added to their cause by her evidence. He was of opinion that the prospect was bright of a speedy decision in their favor.

again. "You have just three-quarters of an hour."

Mrs. Marsh went into her own room and came out arrayed in corn-colored moire antique, trimmed profusely with black lace. She wore no ornament in her hair, whose wavy abundance framed her dark, beautiful face like a picture. Smiles were on her countenance, though only a few minutes before she had been weeping bitterly.

Olivia had made no change in her dress beyond a fresh collar and cuffs. Her light brown hair, with its ruddy tint, rippled on either side her well-shaped head, and escaped in loose curls behind the ears and in clustering rings over the temples. Its massive coil at the back of the head was confined by a slender jet comb, and had not even a ribbon by way of adornment. Both, in their different styles of loveliness, looked best when dressed with simplicity.

The dinner passed quietly, with only one guest; but several came in after it was over; among them were Mr. and Mrs. St. Clare. Olivia was surprised to find how much her spirits rose from the weight that had depressed them so long. She played and sang and listened to music with real enjoyment; and the old days seemed to return, with oblivion of the wretchedness that had so crushed her, and caused her to feel that life was at an end for her; and the grave would be a welcome refuge.

The guests departed early, and Mrs. Marsh attended Olivia to her room, dismissing the maid, who waited to tender any service.

"I have made an engagement for you," she said, drawing her cushioned easy chair near the grate, in which a few coals were dying out. "For to-morrow evening."

"For me?"

"Yes, Olivia. You have too long shunned society. It is time you appeared again in the circles you always adorned."

"You forget, Ruhama," returned the girl, glancing at the mourning-dress she was unwilling to remove.

"No—I do not forget. That will not interfere with the engagement. It is only to Emily's house; a musical reunion of select friends. You need not make objections; your going is decided upon, beyond remonstrance."

"I am sure you will excuse me, Ruhama."

"No—I will not. I have set my heart upon it. It will do you good; you need to be drawn out of your brooding over sorrow. I never saw such an improvement as this evening over this morning in you, Olivia."

"Ah, I was so wretched this morning!"

"True; you had a terrible ordeal to pass. But it is happily over; you have atoned for what you call your rashness, and have shown the dignity and worth of your character. You may be a lion in society if you choose, my dear."

"Ruhama!" exclaimed the girl, reproachfully.

"There—don't be angry; I don't mean that you will be; you are too proud and reserved. But I will not have you suffering your talents to run to waste, and your health to be worn out by nursing woe that you might struggle against, and overcome, and put away from you. While you were engaged in the discharge of duties, I did not interfere; I left it to Mrs. Stanley to soothe you, and bring back health and happiness."

"Then you thought of me, Ruhama? I am grateful for that!" murmured Olivia, sinking on one knee by her friend's side, and leaning her head upon her lap.

"When have I forgotten you, my friend?" answered the warm-hearted young wife.

"Did you think yourself forgotten and forsaken?"

"I have thought so at times."

"Then you made a great mistake. Now, sit up, there, Olivia,"—indicating the easy chair beside her own—"and listen patiently; for I want to open my heart to you."

Olivia did as she was bidden, first throwing on a white cambric dressing gown.

"I want to tell you about myself. It will be a relief to lighten my burden, and your sympathy will do it."

"Your burden?"

"I am not so gay and thoughtless as I seem. Do you know how many weeks it is since I have gone out or received visitors, till you came to me?"

"I did not know—"

"You shall hear what I have to say; and then judge if I have not had my sorrows, as well as yours."

"But, Ruhama, your troubles can be thrown off whenever you please."

"Can they? You shall judge. You know the circumstances of my marriage, Olivia."

"You married a man your senior by many years, but one of such noble nature that he deserves all respect and affection."

"He does indeed," said the wife, with a deep sigh. "But for my acceptance of him; it was to save my father from distressing embarrassments in business. Did you know that?"

"Something like it I heard, but it was only a surmise among people who knew nothing of your affairs."

"It was true, nevertheless."

"And he—the General—he accepted the sacrifice?"

"He never suspected it. My father persuaded him that he had won my affections. I tried to act so, that he should not be undecieved."

"Poor Ruhama!"

"No, you need not pity me. When I put on the semblance of gaiety and happiness to cover the deceit that had been practiced, I schooled my heart to submission and obedience. I learned to love my husband."

Olivia seized her hand, and pressed it warmly between both her own.

"To love him as I had never loved any man. While we were abroad, I saw how superior he was to all others I met; how highly educated, how able to instruct and guide me. My heart surrendered itself to him as a guide and teacher. His wish was my law. This was growing more deep and earnest day by day, this feeling; and it is only since we came home that the storm has arisen that threatens to root it up, and leave only waste and desolation."

"Oh, my friend! this will not be!"

"It looks like it—my husband's long absence, when we had not been parted before since our wedding-day; and his leaving me in such violent anger, Olivia."

"But you had not deserved it, Ruhama?"

"I had done nothing, child; nothing to justify the least unkindness. But my husband has the one failing, that darkens his many splendid traits of character."

"Never. All my flirtations, you know, were on the surface, and never touched the heart of either party. These harmless pleasures I gave up when I married."

"That was your duty, Ruhama."

"When the General first confessed his failing, I vowed he should have no cause for his outbreak. I have kept my word."

"It was such a trifle, too, that aroused his anger."

"Was it not? Nothing to justify his using

bitter language, and reproaching me in a manner I thought I should never be able to forgive."

"But you told him—"

"I would not condescend to a denial of such a frivolous accusation. I told him I hated him—and just then I did!"

The impulsive woman burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

When Olivia had soothed her to calmness, she went on recalling the scene:

"He said he would take me home, and then leave me—that very night."

"Not for ever! He will not stay away!"

"How can I tell? He is so resolute—so proud! Olivia, I can hardly think he ever loved me!"

"Nay, you cannot know the force of love in such a heart. The long garnered affections of a life were lavished on you."

"And if I have thrown them away in a moment's petulance?"

"No fear of that, Ruhama. He will come back to you."

"If I had only pleaded my own cause! I could have made him ashamed of his unworthy suspicions."

"Perhaps not then. Jealousy is a kind of madness. But you might write to him, dear."

"I will, as soon as I know where he is. He has cut off all communication between us. He—who seemed to live but in the sight of his wife!"

"Then be sure—be very sure—he is not far from you!"

"I thought so at first. I thought he might have means of finding out everything; might even play the spy on me. And so I have shut myself up in this house, and refused all invitations; receiving very few visitors, and those ladies—my intimate friends."

"Dear Ruhama! It has been a cruel trial."

"I was miserable, till you came to me. Olivia, I found my own peace of mind returning while I sympathized with you."

"A gentle excuse was the girl's response. I have tried to keep up my spirits, and succeeded tolerably well; though at times my heart seemed like to break."

"Shall I tell you, dear, what is my advice?"

"Do, if you please."

"Continue to live in seclusion. Avoid society of persons who would give you injudicious sympathy and counsel; who would involve you in fresh difficulties. Find out—as you surely will before long—where your husband is; and either go to him or write to him. He cannot withstand your pleadings."

"I do not think he would, were he convinced of my love."

"Make him sure of that. He is doubtful of his own merits. Numbering twice your years, he cannot fancy that you prefer him to the young and the light-hearted. You say he is only jealous of one?"

"Of Wyndham only, as far as I know. But his jealousy might break out toward any one else."

"Then avoid Wyndham. Do you know I once fancied he was in love with you?"

"The lightest kind of a flirtation was between us for a few weeks. He never had a thought of addressing me. He was nearer being a suitor of yours, Olivia."

"He was never that, I am sure."

"No, you kept very close to such a distance. Of late, whatever heart Mr. Blount has to give has gone in a different direction; so Emily thinks."

"Indeed?"

"After that wild little girl, your pupil formerly."

"Eloise Sterne!"

"You heard of her running away, to go on the stage?"

"Yes; and I was grieved to hear it, too!"

"Wyndham made every effort to find her, and persuade her to return to his guardianship. He discovered her at last, in a young *debutante* at the opera, under an Italian name. She had been engaged in some one's place, to appear in a part beyond her powers; but the manager trusted that her youth and beauty would make amends for all deficiencies. Mr. Blount was at the opera that evening, and saw her. He found out from the manager where she was living, and went the next day to see her. But she was gone."

"Gone?"

"She and the people with her had left their lodgings, and the city, no doubt. The manager had decided not to let her sing again in that part. She was too much in need of cultivation for such advancement, as he became sensible when the newspaper critics condemned her."

"And she had vanished, you say?"

"Utterly and completely. Her guardian thinks she was taken to Europe."

"With whom?"

"She was in charge of an English woman, a concert singer of no artistic repute, who went by the name of Madame Leona. Eloise's uncle, Bennett Rashleigh, was their traveling agent."

"Then she was with her uncle?"

"Her aunt's husband; but a man not fit to have the care of her. All he cared about was making money out of the poor child's talents."

"Mr. Blount has not pursued her to Europe?"

"No; he knew it would be useless, if she had determined upon a professional career. And Emily was so opposed to further search. The girl had been ungrateful and treacherous, she said, and she never wished to see her again. Herbert thinks she will be brought to a sense of her own deficiencies by hearing the best music abroad, sooner than by anything else. But it has been a severe blow to Wyndham. I think he would have married the girl."

"Let us hope he may find her, and repent for the trouble she gave him."

"Be it so. But, to return to myself. I have accepted Emily's invitation, Olivia, for you and myself—sure of its doing us both good. I am longing for some really fine music, and you are starving for it, too. The society of a few chosen friends draws me out of my dismal thoughts. You will go with me to-morrow evening?"

"It is but a small party?"

"A score or so, I suppose; Emily's acquaintances most devoted to music. Your dress will do well enough; and I shall wear my plainest. Be a good girl, Olivia! I am so miserable, you might help me to recover my serenity."

"That will be a reason quite sufficient, were there no other, Ruhama. But I shall enjoy the music, too. As you say, I have starved for some time."

"The two friends embraced with a hearty good-night; and both rested the better for the interchange of sympathy and mutual resolutions to aid each other."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

THE remains of the Italian historian, Carlo Botta, well known as the author of a history of the United States, are to be removed from France for burial in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence.

A PERSIAN LOVE SONG.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles
Drift down a motionless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THE close of August finds the same three clubs in the van as the month of July did, but since the latter month the Athletics have succeeded in gaining a closer position to the leading nine than before, and the closing contest for the pennant now bids fair to be very exciting. Up to August 31st the record showed the Boston to be in the van with 41 victories to their credit, and with but 6 defeats charged to them; while the Athletics stand credited with 38 victories and charged with 11 defeats; the Hartford being third on the list with 31 victories and no less than 18 defeats. The inability of the Red Stockings, of St. Louis, to play their quota of six out of ten games with every other club before October 31st, has resulted in the throwing out of the record all the games they have played. It may be too that the New Haven will have to follow suit, and possibly the Athletics, though the latter have fewer quotas to play than the New Haven, but they will finish their six games with every other club. The full record to August 31st inclusive, is as follows, leaving out the games of the Red Stockings, of St. Louis:

CLUBS.	Boston	Athletics	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelphia	Chicago	New Haven	Atlantic	Games won
Boston	41	38	31	25	24	23	22	21	41
Athletics	38	31	25	24	23	22	21	20	38
Hartford	31	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	31
St. Louis	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	25
Philadelphia	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	24
Chicago	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	23
New Haven	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	22
Atlantic	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	14	21
Games lost	6	11	18	24	25	26	27	28	105

To show the work yet to be done in the arena before October 31, we give below the record of games yet to be played by every club with every other club from Aug. 31st, leaving out the games with the St. Louis Reds, the number required to be played with that club even to complete the quota of six with every other nine being over forty.

CLUBS.	Boston	Athletics	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelphia	Chicago	New Haven	Atlantic	Games to be played
Boston	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	32
Athletics	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30
Hartford	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30
St. Louis	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30
Philadelphia	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30
Chicago	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30
New Haven	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30
Atlantic	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30
Totals	94	90	86	82	78	74	70	66	342

The number of games to be played is 171. As it has taken four months to play 195, and there remains but two months left to play 171, it will be seen that there is but a slim chance of all the games being played out. If they get through with their quotas of six they will do well.

The record of the championship arena for August is marked by several splendid contests, as will be seen by the table given below:

RECORD FOR AUGUST.			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Aug. 3.	Mutual vs. Chicago, at B'klyn (5 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 3.	Athletics vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 4.	Boston vs. Phila., at Boston (11 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 5.	Chicago vs. Philadelphia at Phila.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 5.	Hartf'd vs. Mutual, at B'klyn (10 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 6.	Chicago vs. Athletics, at Philadelphia (11 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 6.	Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn (11 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 7.	Hartf'd vs. Mutual, at B'klyn (11 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 7.	St. Louis vs. Athletics, at Philadelphia (11 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 8.	Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia (11 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 9.	Mutual vs. New Haven, at N. Haven	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 10.	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 12.	Athletics vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 13.	Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford (8 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 13.	Mutual vs. New Haven, at N. Haven	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 14.	Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 14.	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 16.	Hartford vs. N. Haven, at N. Haven	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 16.	Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 17.	Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 17.	Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago (10 1/2 inn.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 18.	Philadelphia vs. N. Haven, at Phila.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 19.	Philadelphia vs. Hartford, at Phila.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 19.	Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 20.	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 21.	St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 21.	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 23.	Chicago vs. Athletics, at Chicago	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 23.	Athletics vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 24.	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 25.	Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 25.	Athletics vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 26.	Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Phila.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 26.	Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Phila.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 28.	Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 28.	Hartford vs. Hartford, at Hartford	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 29.	Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 27.	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford (ex) 15	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 28.	Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 29.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 30.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug. 30.	Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Phila.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

THE SAILOR'S DITTY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

She is indeed the snuggest craft
With which I've ever spoken;
She is the fairest that one seas,
Shiver my timbers oaken!

I'd like to win her for my mate;
And I've an awful notion
To ask to consort her across
Life's boundless heaving ocean.

To think upon her I am taut,
And so my heart is spurred on—
My heart a vessel of first-class,
Nine hundred tonnage burden.

To her I am serenely bound,
And if I've got my bearing
I'm in the latitude of love,
And find it rather wearing.

She is the star I observe—
By which my course I'm steering;
The light-house on the shores of home
To which I'm fastly bearing.

Ain't she a pretty figure-head
To ornament a liner?
Tangle my ropes, I don't believe
You'll ever find a finer!

I harbor all good thoughts for her,
And I have got a cargo;
And all consigned to her, unless
They're under an embargo!

My heart goes throbbing like a buoy
Upon the billow's summit;
To know her truth I could not sound
By any line or plummet.

My love shall compass her about,
But ah, if she'd go veering,
My life would then be badly shorn,
And not be worth the sheering.

Or what, since I am but a tar,
If she'd be two-a-tartar!
Deep in the wave I'd dig my grave,
And die at last a martyr.

But I am right in reckoning
She's firm in any weather,
We'll sail the ship as long as I farm,
And land her both together.

LEAVES

From an Actor's Life;
OR,
Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

XIV.—*The Spout Shop—The Way Actors are Made—The Old Loft—The Society—Putnam, Diamond, Danforth, Lampes and Stanton—My First Story—The Monthly Rose—How the Heroines were Played—The Carpet Warehouse—My First Appearance as Regular Actor—Howard and the Foxes—Cleveland Hall, Providence, R. I.*

My childish experience produced a natural result. I became desirous, as I grew older, of adopting the theatrical profession, and this feeling increased upon me as I grew older and larger.

I found among my boyish associates a number who were similarly inclined, and we formed a society, as it was then called, being the same as the amateur clubs of the present day. We hired an old loft at the junction of Charlestown and Medford streets, fitted it up with a stage and scenery, which was a combination of wall-paper and daubed cotton cloth ingeniously arranged, and borrowed all the spare wooden chairs we could obtain from our different households to accommodate the audience.

That audience consisted of the families and friends of the different members of the company, and after the first play was finished a hat was passed around among the audience to take up a collection to defray the expenses of this amusement, in the shape of rent, candles, etc.; and these collections were always sufficient for the purpose.

We called our theater the "Spout Shop," and here we indulged our histrionic tastes to our hearts' content.

Being considered the most experienced, though not the oldest, of the party, I was chosen manager. My *corps dramatique*—that was the way they phrased it in those days—consisted of William Putnam, Edward Danforth, Henry Lampes, William Stanton and William Diamond.

I give these names as every one of them afterward became an actor, and those who live, with the exception of Putnam, who is now engaged in sailmaking in Boston, or was when I last heard from him, are still "upon the boards." Danforth and Diamond are dead; both died young.

Diamond played George Shelby in my drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the National Theater, during a portion of its great "run" of three hundred nights there.

Danforth was my particular friend; "I loved him like a brother." He was the "paste-boy" in the *Boston Transcript* office, that would be called mauling-clerk now, I suppose, as it was his business to inclose in wrappers and address the papers sent to subscribers out of the city.

I made him an actor and he made me an author, for it was at his request that I wrote my first story. It came about in this way. His brother Henry was a printer in the *Transcript* office, one of the journeymen, and he and the other compositors started a little paper called the *Monthly Rose*. Edward Danforth contributed a poem—he had quite a degree of poetical talent, and I furnished a short tale, which I called "Squaw's Rock," for the first number.

Our productions were received with such favor that we continued to write for the *Monthly Rose* while it bloomed, and after it terminated its brief existence we tried our pens on the established weeklies, such as the *Uncle Sam*, *Yankee Blade*, *Flag of the Union*, *True Flag*, and the like, with success. Thus I became a contributor for the weekly press, and it is needless for me to state, I am still at it.

William Putnam was our tragedian, and his favorite character was "William Tell, the hero of Switzerland." I was the low comedian of the company, and I developed into a tragedian, according to an invariable rule in dramas. Lampes and Stanton were the personators of the female characters, for we were obliged to do as they did in Shakspeare's time, and have our heroines represented by boys; and our boys were exceedingly skillful in their "make up," our strange visitors always insisting that they must be girls.

Our "Spout Shop" was kept up, though we changed its location to Haverhill street, for two winters, and then I drifted into the real theater, quite accidentally.

I was nearly seventeen years of age; I had left school before I was fourteen, and was employed in Geo. A. Brewer's carpet warehouse in Court street, where I had been for three years, and the smell of the painted carpets, in which we did a large business, appeared to affect my health.

My cousin, Caroline Fox, had married G. C. Howard, the since famous manager, and he had turned Cleveland Hall, in the city of Providence, R. I., into a theater, and had met with a most liberal patronage. I resigned my situation in the carpet warehouse, and accepted an invitation from him to visit him in Providence, with the understanding that I could act a little if I felt like it.

I went, remaining there some six weeks, until the end of the season, in fact, and acted all the time. This visit made me an actor. Here my career commenced. I made my first appearance in June—I have forgotten the exact date—1849, as "Ferdinand," in "Six Degrees of Crime," and I followed the profession I then adopted, with very little intermission, until 1871. In these twenty-two years I appeared in almost every city in the Union that has a theater, and in a great many that have not, playing sometimes in the dining-rooms of hotels, and the vestries of churches, and I wrote and had acted over seventy dramatic productions. Thus you will perceive that my life has not been an idle one.

The company at the Cleveland Hall Theater was quite a family affair. It was called "Howard and the Foxes." The two Fox brothers, with their sister Caroline, under the management of their mother, a woman of great energy and business tact, had, after their father's death, formed a profitable circuit of the small cities in the New England States, visiting them at stated periods, with an entertainment of singing, dancing (Caroline was an excellent dancer), and humorous dialogues, calling themselves the "Little Foxes." G. C. Howard married Caroline and joined them, and then the name was changed to "Howard and the Foxes." This name was retained even when they became a regular theater company in Providence.

When I joined the forces there, the company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard, George, James and Charles Fox, Octavian Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stone, Benson, and several others—"utility men"—whose names I cannot now call to mind.

I remember one that we always called "Bill Sticker," and I thought it was his right name, until one day he informed me in confidence that it was not.

"I stick up the bills, don't you see?" he explained. "I'm the bill-sticker, and they never call me anything else."

It was very simple, but I never knew him to get anybody to call him by any other name than the one which had been so aptly applied to him.

At the time that I became a member of the company, an uncle of mine—the one whom I was named after—Geo. H. Wyatt, brought a new play to Providence for production. The Mexican war was still fresh in the minds of the public, and it was a fruitful theme for novelists and dramatists.

This drama was entitled "The Battle of Buena Vista," and it was written by J. P. Adams, a dramatist of considerable merit, and a Yankee comedian, who walked zealously in the foot-prints of Dan Marble and Yankee Hill.

This new play was calculated to finish the season with *clat*, as the near approach of the Fourth of July would naturally excite patriotic feelings in every American breast.

It was duly rehearsed and carefully prepared, and then the public were invited to witness it. I shall have to reserve my account of its production until the next paper.

A Culinary Wife.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MR. ALEMBER removed his hat very gallantly, and bowed and smiled at the little chocolate-lined phaeton and its two cream-white ponies went flashing by the hotel piazza; and he turned to Gus Rusling with a half-smile on his face.

"Well—what do you think of her? Pretty, isn't she, and undeniably stylish?"

Mr. Rusling's handsome eyes very plainly indicated his eager admiration.

"Pretty! you're the luckiest man in Christendom if you are the betrothed husband of such a little divinity. What's her name, Alembur?"

Mr. Alembur deliberately lighted his cigar before he answered.

"Don't be premature in your congratulations, Gus. Granted that Miss Weyburn is the little divinity you think her, I am not sure I shall ever aspire to the honor of her betrothed husband."

There was an air of such conscious dignity and importance in the gentleman's manner that Gus smiled amusedly.

"Upon my word, Alembur, one would think you had forgotten you had turned forty, to hear you talk so. Perhaps your mature attractions have failed to charm Miss Weyburn! I cannot conceive any other reason why you should not be the happiest of men in being the intimate friend you tell me you are."

Mr. Alembur had scowled, then allowed a benignant smile to lighten his face.

"I certainly am not a silly boy to fall in love with the first pair of bright eyes I see, Rusling; and, although it is perfectly true I have turned forty, I regard myself as a very suitable *parti* for Miss Weyburn—or any other lady I should honor."

His calm, severe dignity was irresistibly amusing, but Rusling smothered the laugh he felt was coming.

"I'll admit it all, old fellow—only do tell me the mental reservation you entertain regarding this peerless young goddess with her classic face and exclusive air!"

Mr. Alembur gazed serenely out upon the gently-breaking surf, taking long, delicious inhalations of his cigar; then he leaned back in his chair, prepared to answer the solemn question, while young Rusling—handsome, attentive, semi-sarcastic, awaited the oracle.

"It is just here, Gus. A sweet voice, a beautiful face—a Hebe form are all very delightful, in their way. But, tell me what good it is to a husband to have his wife possess all those and other personal attractions if she is deficient in other respects—in those qualities that go to make up the true woman—the true wife—the true housekeeper?"

The half-jolly smile that had been hovering under Rusling's mustache, died slowly away under the serious earnestness of Mr. Alembur's words.

"I cannot think it possible that Miss Weyburn is minus the requisites you so rightly require. Give me an introduction, Alembur, and I'll give you my opinion more positively. Certainly, she is exteriorly the most lovely girl I have ever seen."

"Yes—fair—very fair to see."

"And a perfect lady in her deportment."

"I know it; Miss Weyburn comes of a good old family, to whom good breeding is as natural as to breathe."

"She plays most exquisitely, Alembur; and has a very pleasant voice."

Mr. Alembur nodded, gravely.

"You can't tell me anything I don't know, Gus, about Winnie Weyburn. I have made her my study for seven weeks, and I know she possesses all the charms you have mentioned, besides being remarkably well-informed on general subjects, a fascinating conversationalist, and possesses an even, amiable disposition."

Rusling's face grew almost angry as he wait-

ed to hear the gentleman out; then he impetuously questioned him.

"What in Heaven's name, then, do you want in a wife that Miss Weyburn does not possess? To serve you right, she should reject you if ever you conclude to honor her. I know I would consider myself only too happy to be the suitor of so charming a woman."

Mr. Alembur smiled gravely as he nodded his head slowly.

"You are twenty-five—and, as I said, capable of running mad over a pair of bewitching eyes, or a curl of golden hair. I am forty-two, and my heart can't gallop off with my common sense. There's the difference between us."

"And mighty glad I am of the difference," Gus returned, hotly, with a thrilling remembrance of Winnie Weyburn's sweet, ardent eyes, blue as the sky, that arched over their heads, and the graceful, haughtily-poised head, and its vividly golden hair; then he banished the vision, and dropped his indignant tone.

"I confess to the most unmanly curiosity to know the one terrible defect that must exist in this young lady whom I thought fit to grace the President's parlor. What's the flaw in the jewel, Alembur?"

"You have partly mentioned it yourself, Rusling. Very undeniably, Miss Weyburn is admirably qualified to grace the parlor at the White House, or my house, or any other house that has a parlor. But, because she can ornament the parlor—is it to be deduced she can reign over the kitchen? Rusling, I like a good dinner; and—Winnie Weyburn cannot cook a beefsteak or make an omelet."

A second of deathly silence followed the mournfully tragic remark, delivered with a solemnity and truthfulness that was fatal to Gus Rusling's dignity. A flash of fire in his eyes—a smile on his lips—then a laugh—a series of laughs, hearty and earnest, that would have been infectious had any other than Mr. Alembur listened.

"Shades of Olympus! Alembur; you really mean to tell me you have the audacity to deliberate about proposing to the lady because she can't cook! And you—pretend to be in love!"

"I expect to have my meals served the same, married or single, in love or not." My wife must know how to accomplish that very desirable result."

Gus laughed again; then frowned, as he thought of the blue eyes and brilliant hair.

"Since you think so much of your stomach, Alembur, take my advice and go down to Seacom and hire one of the empty villas there. The proficiency of the *chefs de cuisine* in that locality is world-famed. You can have an elegant little cottage ready furnished, and enjoy yourself finely."

Whether Mr. Rusling had any selfish policy at stake, and intended to improve the opportunity by cultivating Miss Weyburn's acquaintance; whether Mr. Alembur really considered the attractions offered at Seacom paramount to those at Ocean Edge, cannot matter. Suffice it that that day week saw the departure of a middle-aged, portly, good-looking gentleman from the shore, with a lot of luggage marked, "A. A., Eglantine Villa, Seacom, N. J."

It was a delightful little spot, a few hundred feet back from the seashore, with tastily laid out grounds surrounding it like a dainty casket surrounds a jewel. And a jewel of a house it was, with its vine-covered piazzas, and low-curtained bay-windows, through which Mr. Andrew Alembur caught a glimpse of cool, rattan furniture, gleaming marble mantels, and brilliant scarlet-and-cream striped Indian matting.

"A very neat place, indeed," he said to himself, as he went through the rustic gate, and walked with the slow, pompous step he thought befitting the lessee and occupant of such a charming place.

"A very desirable place, and really quite a bargain; although the agent assured me the accommodations were first-class. Ah, I see my coming was expected; there is a smell of dinner. Really, the agent has been very kind to see to all this."

He paused half-way up the path to break off a sprig of verbena for his button-hole; then, continuing, went on up to the veranda, and through the open door into the silent, cool drawing-room on the left.

"Very nice—very nice, indeed," he thought, as he walked softly around, rubbing his hands in his extreme satisfaction, as fragrant odors of roasted lamb and St. Julian soup were wafted to his refectory.

Across the marble-floored hall was the sitting-room—small, snug, cosy.

"This is just the thing. I'll make myself at home here; it shall be my smoking-room, and I'll have the house here to thank him over our cigars for having recommended Seacom to me. Sad dog, that Gustus Rusling! I'm not sure I would have left Ocean Edge to him and Winnie, unless I had been pretty sure she was about off for a visit to a classmate. How delicious that soup smells—hardly enough tomato, perhaps; and I do hope the cook will know her business well enough to make the lamb gravy brown."

And amid such reflections, and the blue haze of the cigar smoke, Mr. Alembur dropped off into a deliciously dreamy reverie.

A pretty little woman, with eyes the color of a chestnut-shell—glossy and demure; a mouth all curves and as red as a ripe strawberry; smooth brown hair tucked into a net; sleeves rolled up over round, brown wrists, and a big white apron almost from chin to toes. Certainly a very unexpected apparition to appear to Mr. Alembur, as he started up from his doze, at the rustle of her garments. Of course he had expected somebody to come to him—and a woman at that; but certainly he had understood the house-agent to say the housekeeper was an old woman, and here—this fresh, demure, half-rogish young girl. However, Mr. Alembur's native gallantry and self-possession did not desert him.

"Oh—so you are Jane Eliza—I think the house-agent said Jane Eliza?"

A little courtesy as she answered:

"No, sir. My name is—is—Catherine, if you please."

"Oh! Catherine, eh? Well, I suppose he made a mistake, that's all. So you're the cook, Catherine?"

"The housekeeper, if you please, sir. The cook is dishing the dinner now, and I came to take your orders."

Mr. Alembur rubbed his hands gently. This was fine—a delicious repast awaiting him; a pretty housekeeper, and a repetition of both repeat and housekeeper for an indefinite time, *ad futurum*.

So he gave his orders with a grandiloquent air, and had dinner sent in at once; eating and drinking to his heart's content while Catherine waited upon him.

"A very good dinner indeed—I never tasted better; give me as good every day, and I'll find no fault. And don't forget about the sugared pineapple and ice-cream about nine o'clock this evening."

He folded his napkin carefully and put the wide silver band around it; then lighted his cigar, and, instead of adjourning to the room opposite to enjoy it, seated himself beside the window, and watched Catherine remove the dishes.

"You've got a good cook—a first-class cook, Catherine. Is she colored? What's her name? I'd like to see her."

A little flitting smile came to her eyes that instantly vanished.

"White, sir. Yes, a very thoroughly accomplished cook. She will surprise you with the ice-cream."

And left to himself, Mr. Alembur thought what a jolly thing it was to hire Eglantine Cottage, and keep house. Then, when Catherine had left no traces after her of that dainty meal, the gentleman betook himself to a walk around the grounds, to pleasantly while away the hours until dusk.

It was just in the twilight when he re-entered the drawing-room through the open French window; and a familiar voice welcomed him.

"Well, old fellow, you are domesticated where I least expected to find you. Why didn't you tell me you were acquainted with Miss Merle?"

Mr. Alembur seized Rusling's extended hand cordially.

"Bless my heart, Gus, are you here? Welcome to Eglantine Cottage, my humble domicile, and all that sort of stuff! What train brought you over to see me?"

Gus stared at him in mute surprise.

"I am in a quandary—or else you are, Alembur. Did I understand you this was Eglantine Cottage—your bachelor hall? I supposed it was Vine Villa, where Miss—where a friend of mine is visiting, Miss Merle."

"It's simply a mistake on your part, Gus. You'll probably find Vine Villa somewhere in the vicinity. Just ring that bell there, will you? We'll have lights."

The summons was answered and the lamps lighted, disclosing—not Catherine, in her neat calico dress and white apron, but a fashionably-attired young lady, with a demure merriment in her tender brown eyes as she looked at Alembur, who regarded her as if she had been a ghost.

"I found it inexpedient to continue the *maquerade* longer, Mr. Alembur. I am Miss Kathie Merle, and this is Vine Villa; it has only been a very amusing mistake. May I hope you will pardon me if I have offended you?"

Alembur turned red, and white, in one breath; then looked helplessly at Rusling, who began to see through it.

"Alembur—you've taken possession of the wrong cottage. Miss Merle, I suppose Miss Weyburn is with you?"

Kathie laughed.

"Oh, yes. Mr. Alembur can testify to that, since he was so delighted with the dinner she prepared for him. Winnie is a splendid cook, certainly."

Rusling's eyes were twinkling with fun, as he witnessed the gentleman's discomfiture.

"Miss Weyburn cooked my dinner! Great heavens! and I thought you were a servant! What an—fool I have been!"

And, as Winnie came in, in a bewitching toilet of white muslin, and bowed respectfully to him, then giving Rusling a greeting whose warm welcome could not be mistaken, Alembur knew he had discovered, too late, the one qualification he supposed lacking in the fair girl Gus Merle won in after days.

And Eglantine Cottage stood empty that season; while its lessee vanished from the scene of his mistake.

Heroes of History.

Captain Cook, the Great Navigator.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

ALL the world has heard of Captain Cook, and has a vague idea about his voyages and discoveries in the Pacific; but few are aware what a thoroughly heroic life was his, in his earnest devotion to science. Like all heroes, he was a hard worker, and thoroughly unselfish, and like most of the greatest, he made his own way up, from poverty to eminence.

James Cook, afterward the renowned traveler, was the son of a farm laborer, in the county of Yorkshire, in England, and his father thought his son well provided for, when he apprenticed him, at thirteen, to a country drygoods man, called a "haberdasher" in England. Young Jimmy, however, wouldn't be a counter-jumper. He was born to be a sailor, and a sailor he would be. He at last prevailed on his master to discharge him, when he apprenticed himself to a coal company, to learn to be a sailor on board a collier.

This may sound strange to us in America, but the fact is, that in England these colliers form the great school for seamen. The coal-mines of Newcastle, on the river Tyne, are so close to the wharves, that it costs less than half to carry coal over the world from there, than from anywhere else. Where every pound of our American coal has to come by railroad in cars, the Newcastle coal, once dumped in a collier, costs nothing but the wages of a few sailors to transport by the four hundred tons at a time. It is this very fact of having plenty of coal close to the seaboard that has made England as rich as she is, and were the coal taken away, the blow would be fatal.

These colliers are all stout, cheap vessels. Nothing "fancy" is seen about them. They are almost all square-rigged, and generally brigs. Coal-dust flies about them so long and so constantly that it becomes useless to clean them. Ship, deck, sails and sailors are all the same dingy hue. Of sailors there are always as few as possible. To pay a dozen, where five or six can do the work somehow, would make coal dear. Consequently, the crew of a collier learns to do all sorts of sailors' work, short-handed, in the North Sea, amid weather almost always rough, often stormy. It is thus that the English coal trade becomes the best nursery for seamen in the world.

Here it was that young Cook passed his apprenticeship and became a sailor, in a sooty, grimy collier brig, sailing between Newcastle and London, sometimes carrying a cargo over to quaint old Amsterdam, where the solemn Dutchmen sit by their frog-pots and smoke their pipes, now and then crossing to Calais and Boulogne, with coals for the Frenchmen. All the time he was at sea he was learning to be a sailor. When he was in port, all his leisure hours were spent over books in the cabin, while his comrades were getting drunk at the nearest ale-house.

For a long time he could not get money enough to buy books, and had read through those in the little cabin library before he could buy one of his own. At last he obtained a tattered old copy of a book on navigation, and then he was happy. He knew that, until he could work latitude and longitude, he could

not hope to command a ship. Trigonometry and navigation are notoriously hard studies, and young Cook had no one to help him, yet it is a fact recorded by himself that he was able to work an observation in three weeks from the time he took up the book.

Now he was speedily advanced, and by the time he was twenty-one he was mate of a ship. His apprenticeship over, he left the grimy collier, and went on board the Spanish traders. It was while first mate of a vessel lying in the Thames, in 1755, that our French and Indian war was at its height, and Braddock was defeated. The news roused such a storm in England that every one called for vengeance on the French, by sea, and the *press-gang* started vigorously to impress seamen.

This *press-gang* was quite a feature of the British navy in those days, and late into the present century, when it was at last abolished. It consisted of a number of parties from the different ships in port, that wanted crews and couldn't get them. The reason why the sailors wouldn't go on a king's ship was simple. They could get twice as much pay on any merchant ship, and plenty of liberty. Naturally they stayed away. The *press-gang* from the various ships started out at night, under one or more officers, all armed to the teeth, and went through all the places in town where sailors lodged. Whenever they found a sailor, or some one who looked like one, they knocked him down, handcuffed him and bore him away to their ship. The law protected them.

It is not very surprising that the sailors in London should hide themselves away when the *press-gang* began to work. Cook hid himself among the rest. The cruel *press-gang* would have thrown him in with some low crowd of brutes, without caring for all his talent, simply because he was a merchant officer, not a king's officer. However, the *press-gang* soon became more searching than ever. Sailors must be had, to whip the French, who had dared to whip the British lion. Cook saw that it was no use hiding. The shopkeepers and peaceable citizens were full of valor, and wanted to whip the French—by proxy. Of course they didn't want to go themselves, but they wanted soldiers and sailors to do it for them. The case is a common one in every land. Cook's friends kept sneering at him, and asking him "why he didn't go to serve the king and fight the French?" No one wanted to go with him, however.

Cook's inclinations were all toward knowledge and science. He was not a hero of war, delighting in battle. He didn't want to go, but he didn't want to be pressed as a common sailor. Finally, he made up his mind to volunteer. Dressing himself in his best, he went to the admiralty office, and offered himself to the government. By so doing, he secured a decent reception, and was made a petty officer. On board a king's ship he soon found, that if his pay was less, his opportunities of learning scientific seamanship were infinitely more.

It was only four years later that he was made a "master," and put in command of a sloop. This was wholly owing to his scientific knowledge, then so rare in the navy of any country, used especially in surveying the coast of America and the St. Lawrence river. Cook's vessel took part in Wolfe's famous expedition to Quebec, but his services were entirely scientific. In the course of nine years he rose to the important appointment of marine surveyor to the North American coasts. Few of us think, as we look at our maps of America, nowadays, that most of the work on which they depend was done a hundred and twenty years since by Captain Cook, but so it is.

At last came the great event of his life. He was appointed, in 1767, to the rank of lieutenant, put in command of the ship "Endeavor," and sent, with three gentlemen of science, astronomer, botanist and zoologist, to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, from a station in the Pacific Ocean. That voyage was the most important one made since Magellan circumnavigated the globe. The Pacific Ocean was then almost unknown, save for the Sandwich Islands. Magellan first, and Lord Anson later, each took almost the same track from Cape Horn toward Canton. There was a vague supposition that a great southern continent existed somewhere below the equator, but nothing certain was known. Cook's voyage, lasting four years, revealed the fact that the whole Pacific Ocean was studded with a multitude of small islands, and that Australia was the largest island in the world. It revealed also the distance of the sun from the earth, by the transit of Venus, and laid the foundation of all our modern astronomy. The last and most valuable of Cook's discoveries on this voyage was, however, the means of preventing scurvy on long voyages. Hitherto this disease had proved a frightful scourge. Twenty years before, when Anson went round the world, out of eight hundred men, in three ships, he lost all but enough to bring one ship home. Cook, in his passage to the Sandwich Islands, lost twenty-eight men, and then discovered the true way of preventing scurvy—feeding fruit and vegetables. From that day he lost no more, and since that time scurvy has become unknown on long voyages, by following where Cook led the way.

Cook's first voyage made him a commander. His second lasted three years, to find out if any southern continent existed. He proved that there was none, unless down among the icebergs of the South Pole. That voyage made him a post-captain. His third and last voyage began in the very month when the American Congress issued the Declaration of Independence, July, 1776. To Cook, absorbed in science, war was nothing, discovery everything. While the American Revolution was raging, he was tranquilly exploring the North Pacific to Behring's Straits, trying to find the Northwest Passage. It was his red turn, while at the Sandwich Islands, that this intrepid navigator was treacherously murdered by the savages. Captain Cook made more discoveries than any other navigator before or since. He was the first scientific explorer that ever traveled, and his maps of the Pacific are used to this day.

A prominent citizen of Denton, Md., set that town in an uproar one day last week. He was intoxicated and an officer was sent to arrest him, but he took refuge in his garret with his gun and plenty of ammunition, and hid dedication to the minion of the law. Once the officer demanded his surrender, at the same time presenting a pistol. The response was a charge of shot that struck so close to the officer that he beat a hasty retreat. Then the intoxicated citizen ventured down into the parlor, and presenting his gun from the front window threatened to take the life of any one who should attempt to arrest him. He held out from 3 until 8 P. M., and then, overcome by frequent potations, he fell asleep. While he was in this condition the valiant officer stealthily entered the room, took the gun away and handcuffed him.